

*Joseph F. Smith*

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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1911

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# CONTENTS.

|                                           |                         |                              |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------|-----|
| The Tomb of Rachel.....                   | Frontispiece            | Slang .....                  | 139 |
|                                           |                         | "The Cities of the Sun"..... | 139 |
| <b>MISCELLANEOUS.</b>                     |                         |                              |     |
| The Tomb of Rachel..                      | Charles E. Johnson      | 127                          |     |
| Success.....                              | Heber J. Grant          | 128                          |     |
| Porfirio Diaz and His Mexico(Illustrated) |                         |                              |     |
| .....                                     | Elizabeth Rachel Cannon | 129                          |     |
| Beaten to Life.....                       | John Henry Evans        | 136                          |     |
| After Winter Comes the Spring (a poem)    |                         |                              |     |
| .....                                     | Annie Malin             | 139                          |     |
| The Pronghorned Antelope (Illustrated)    |                         |                              |     |
| .....                                     | Claude T. Barnes        | 165                          |     |
| The Arab and His Religion.....            |                         |                              |     |
| .....                                     | Dr. J. M. Tanner        | 167                          |     |
| Gems from the Living Oracles—The          |                         |                              |     |
| Mountain and the Vale.....                | Orson F. Whitney        | 169                          |     |
| Piney Ridge Cottage....                   | Nephi Anderson          | 170                          |     |
| Children's Story Time (with Illustra-     |                         |                              |     |
| tions) .....                              |                         | 179                          |     |
| The Children's Budget Box.....            |                         | 185                          |     |
| The Puzzle Page.....                      |                         | 187                          |     |
| In Jocular Mood.....                      |                         | 188                          |     |
| <b>EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.</b>                |                         |                              |     |
| Evil Examples of Smoking.....             |                         | 138                          |     |
| <b>SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.</b>                |                         |                              |     |
| Superintendents' Department—Stake Sun-    |                         |                              |     |
| day School Conferences for 1911—Sun-      |                         |                              |     |
| day School Conference Dates, 1911—        |                         |                              |     |
| Sunday School Conference Program—         |                         |                              |     |
| Concert Recitation for April—Sacra-       |                         |                              |     |
| ment Gem for April.....                   |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 140 |
| Librarians' Department—What a Book        |                         |                              |     |
| Said .....                                |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 143 |
| Parents' Department—Parents and Teach-    |                         |                              |     |
| ers—Coming Work for Parents' Classes      |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 144 |
| Theological Department—Jesus the Christ   |                         |                              |     |
| —Church History .....                     |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 145 |
| Second Intermediate Department—Book       |                         |                              |     |
| of Mormon—Bible Lessons for March..       |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 149 |
| First Intermediate Department—Lessons     |                         |                              |     |
| for March .....                           |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 150 |
| Primary Department—Lesson 7. Abra-        |                         |                              |     |
| ham and Isaac—Lesson 8. Ishmael—          |                         |                              |     |
| Lesson 9. Esau and Jacob.....             |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 152 |
| Kindergarten Department—Lessons for       |                         |                              |     |
| March .....                               |                         |                              |     |
|                                           |                         |                              | 156 |

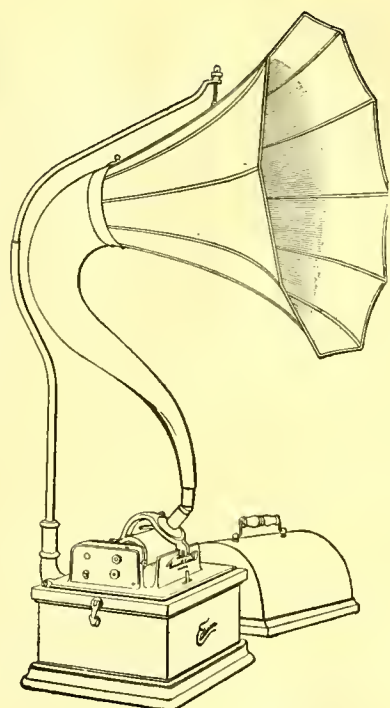
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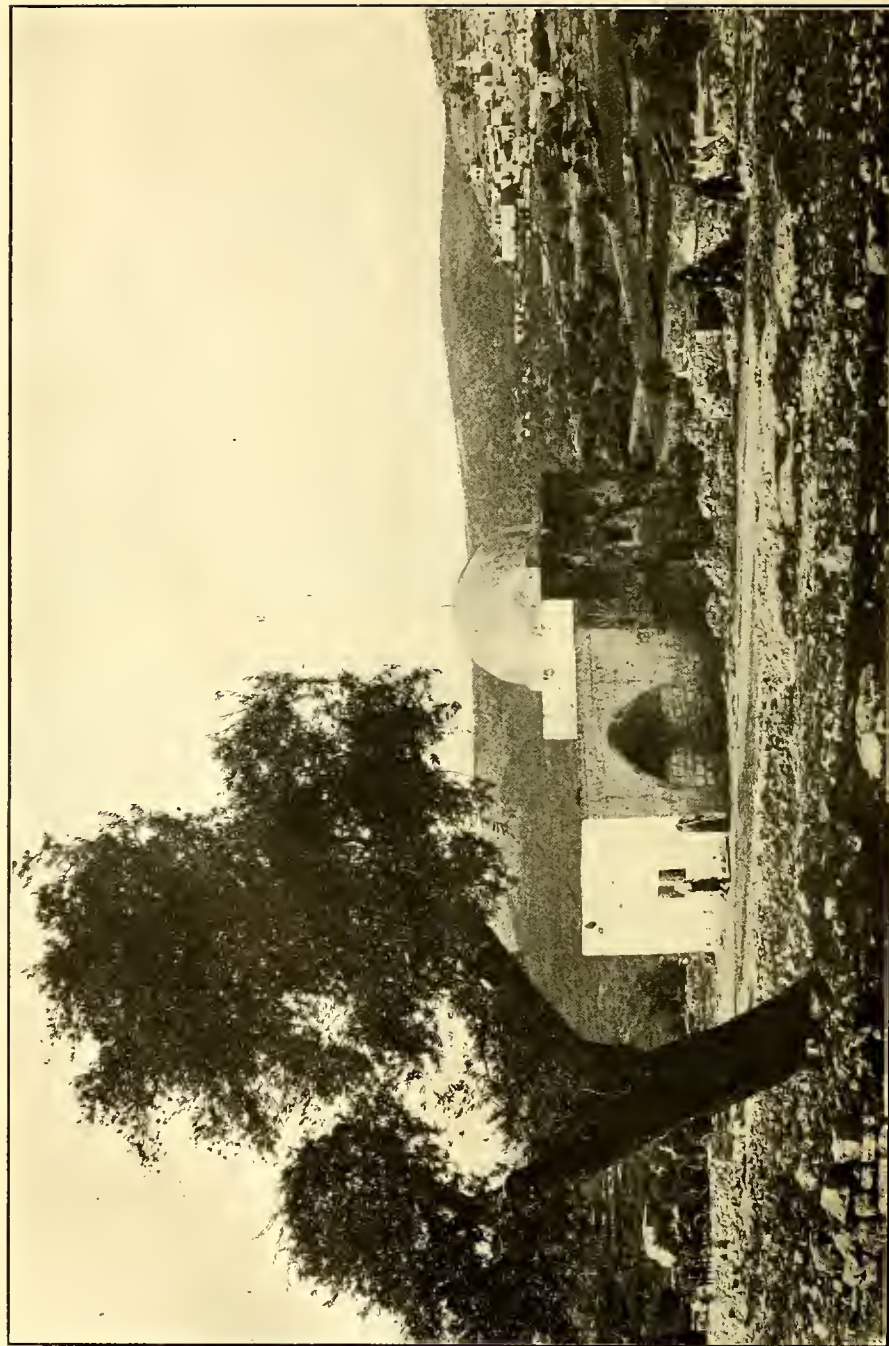
## TO THE MARCH WINDS.

*By Van Guard.*

Whistle March winds! keep a-blowing,  
Bend the willows, keep them going,  
Melt the snow and dry the highways,  
Start the flowers in the by-ways;  
The skies are blue the air is clear  
And Spring, dear Spring, is surely here.

Whistle March winds! keep a-blowing,  
What care we if it be snowing?  
Snow can't last when bees are humming  
List! they tell us, "Spring is coming;"  
Robins chirp so loud and clear,  
For Spring, dear Spring, is surely here.

Whistle March winds, keep a-blowing,  
Trees are waving, cattle lowing,  
Blow away all cares and sorrows,  
Bring us thoughts of happy morrows;  
'Tis the glad time of the year,  
For Spring, dear Spring, is surely here



THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

Mountford-Johnson Photo.

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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## The Tomb of Rachel.

(Kubbet Rabil.)

*By Charles E. Johnson.*

Standing on the much-traversed road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, a little over a mile from the latter place, and about four miles from Jerusalem, the Tomb of Rachel is an object of the greatest interest to the visitor in the Holy Land. It is one of the best authenticated points in the sacred history of the country, and one of the few objects of religious concern which receives impartial veneration from Christian, Jew and Moslem.

All readers of the Bible are familiar with the story of the meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well, and the remarkable example of love at first sight which resulted (Gen. xxix). So great was the effect of the charms of the "beautiful and well favored" daughter of Laban upon Jacob that he kissed her, "and lifted up his voice and wept." In one month he was ready to bind himself to seven years of service to Laban for her hand in marriage. His great love for her endured throughout his life time.

After becoming the mother of two sons, Joseph and Benjamin, thus being esteemed as one of the two women who "did build the house of Israel," (Ruth iv:11) Rachel died while on the way with Jacob and his family to join his father Isaac at Mamre. "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day" (Gen. xxxv:19-20).

According to the rabbinical writings of the Jews, the death of Rachel was so deeply felt by Jacob that he considered it the greatest of all his sorrows. These writings also say he buried her at this place because he foresaw the captivity of the Israelites; he knew they would be driven by their conquerors along this road, and that they would need the intercession of Rachel with God. One tradition of the rabbis tells us that when the vanquished Israelites were exiled by Nebuzaradan, Moses and the patriarchs prayed for them to no avail. Then Rachel arose from her grave and invoked Jehovah's mercy, basing her plea upon a certain self-sacrifice with regard to her sister Leah. Thereupon God promised to restore Israel.

The well known passage "Rachel weeping for her children" (Jer. xxxi: 15) is interpreted by the Jews as referring to her sorrow at the desolation of Israel through this captivity. Matthew, however, considers this passage to refer to the massacre of the children of Bethlehem by Herod during the infancy of Jesus (Matt. ii:18).

Although Jacob's love for Rachel exceeded that for Leah, he did not choose to be buried with her at his death, but charged his sons to inter him with his fathers in the cave of Machpelah. "There they buried Abraham \* \*" he said, "and there I buried Leah" (Gen. xxxix:31).

It is needless to say that the tomb

or monument shown in the photograph is not the "pillar" erected by Jacob. Doubtless the latter existed for hundreds of years and was a familiar landmark to the people. Samuel appointed it as the meeting place of Saul and the men who had a message for him (I Sam. x:2). For many centuries the sepulchre was marked by a pyramid of stones, said to be twelve in number, representing the tribes of Israel. Between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries this is believed to have been altered into something similar to the tomb as it is today, although many restorations have occurred since that time.

The entrance to the tomb is from the north side. The interior is a cham-

ber some twenty feet square and about the same in height, surmounted by a low dome. Attached to this is a quadrangular courtyard with a flat roof. The building is entirely of stone, roughly cemented, with no attempt at decoration. The walls within are covered with names, mainly those of children who wished to leave a record of their visit. In honoring the mother of Israel they consider that they are honoring their own parents. On the outside is to be seen a crude drawing of a hand. This was probably placed there by a pious person who wished to record a prayer that the hand of God be ever upon the last resting place of the beloved wife of the great patriarch.

### The Faith of a Little Girl.

A few years ago I was up in the Bighorn Stake of Zion in the interest of the Religion Classes, and while there I met a little girl who had received a great blessing from the Lord because of the perfect faith which she had shown in His power. Her name is Sister Sessions, a daughters of Byron Sessions, of Byron, Wyoming. She and her little sister had gone to a tree to cut some chewing gum from it. They had taken with them a very sharp ax. In an ungarded moment Sister Sessions put forth her hand to get some gum. At the same moment her sister tried to cut a piece of gum from the tree with the ax, but instead of doing so, she cut one of her sister's fingers almost entirely off. A tiny piece of skin was all that kept the finger from falling off.

The children ran home to their parents, and when the father saw the injured member he thought it would be impossible to save it, so he was going to cut it off when his little daughter stopped him, saying, "No, father, I do not want you to cut off my finger. I

believe the Lord can, and will heal it. Please pour some oil upon it, and ask the Lord to bless me that I may not lose my finger."

The whole household was astonished at the faith of the child. They knelt in prayer, and asked the Lord to reward the faith of His little one by healing the wound in her hand. Oil was poured upon the injured member, and again prayer was offered. The finger was then bound up, and the little one went out to her companions feeling confident that the Lord would preserve her finger.

At the end of the ninth day the bandage was taken off, and to the delight of the child and all the rest of the family, her finger was just as sound and whole as any of the others. In our Religion Class meeting she stood up before a large congregation, showed the people her finger which had been healed, and praised the Lord for His goodness to her. As the Lord was good to her in saving her finger, so may her hands always be employed in doing good things for the Lord.—  
W. A. M.



CHAPULTEPEC.

## Porfirio Diaz and His Mexico.

*By Elizabeth Rachel Cannon.*

(Photographs by the Author.)

It will not be surprising if the end of Diaz' reign is marked by the volleys of the insurgents. All his life the president of Mexico has been a military leader, and now at eighty years of age he is not afraid of warfare. The first half of his life he knew little else; during the last half he has prevented bloodshed only by his superior armed force. What bandit-infested Mexico has been in the past is represented by crosses reared on the desert, or lone hillsides, which mark the spots where men have been murdered; what she is today may be surmised from the regiments of soldiers eternally marching through the streets of the capitol. The fact that Mexico empties her jails into the army does not make it any less effective. Surly looking fellows these soldiers are, in white cotton uniforms, with their horny brown feet thrust into clumsy sandals.

The regiments that guard the National palace are better clad. This building is spacious rather than im-

posing, for your Mexican believes in hugging mother earth. It stands on historic ground formerly occupied by the palace of Montezuma, but it has some sights of its own. The great hall of the ambassadors, done in red, is adorned by paintings of Mexican generals and the battles in which they figured. It is much easier to gain an audience with despot Diaz than it is with the president of the United States. The drawing room contains reminders of Maximilian with its gold filigree and alabaster urns. The walls are decorated with life-size paintings of the nine Muses. Also the complete golden dinner service used on state occasions belonged to the Empire. One passes through the cabinet room with its green and yellow velvets to the simple library of the president. Here is the one tribute paid to the present incumbent; his bust makes the fourth in the illustrious group of patriots comprised of Morelos, Juarez, and Hidalgo. One instinctively scans the



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

shelves to judge of a man's mind through his library. There is official correspondence, some law books, and biographies of Europeans,—Charlemagne, Napoleon, Richelieu.

The palace faces the Zocalo, an open square which is the throbbing heart of the city as all the street cars leave from this place. Most interesting of these are the little black funeral cars. The front portion conveys the casket on a raised dais, while in the rear seats for the mourners are provided. On the stand in the middle of this park of the poor, the famous police band plays selections from grand opera to flea bit-

ten Indians crouching in their bright hued blankets, or dusky, ill-favored couples who probably feel the romance that their unkempt exteriors do not portray. In the interludes the boys play bull fight, for the young Mexican pictures himself as the future matador, just as the American youngster longs to play base ball in the league.

To the north looms the great cathedral, the richest church in America. It occupies the site of the ancient sacrificial pyramid and is still haunted by an Aztec gloom. It has the usual collection of bejewelled images and bones of martyrs, but its vast musti-



MADAME DIAZ, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

ness is redeemed by the magnificent gold leaf altar that rises clear to the dome. Here was placed on the head of the Archduke Maximilian the crown of emperor which Diaz helped remove three years later.

Nestling in the somber shadow of the steeples is the flower market. Its gorgeous wares spill over into the street; its baskets burst with their fragrant wares. As one enters and breathes deep of the scent of damp moss and mingled perfumes, it is the nearest thing to paradise that one can imagine. Daffodils flaunt their gold amid the royal purple of the pansies,

and blood-red camelias blush in the presence of their pure sisters, the lilies. What a flower correspondence could be carried on with such wealth to choose from!

His workmanship in flowers the Mexican has inherited from the Aztecs; another characteristic handed down from the Spanish conquerors necessitates the institution that exists across the road. This is probably the only pawnshop run by a government. It charges but a moderate rate of interest and contains many rare old heirlooms of Spanish families fallen from their high estate.

Outside in the portafes are the public letter writers where epistles of all kinds and descriptions can be bought for a price. Oh, illiterate youth, hes-



The set pieces at the Flower Market are symphonies of purple pansies and star-eyed Marguerites, pink rosebuds and white camelias.

itating there in the archway, if your's be a business communication, you will hire this old man here with the Jewish face and the crafty eyes. If planning a sentimental epistle, yonder melancholy amanuensis looks as if he might make you some high sounding phrases calculated to stir a susceptible heart. In a country where begging is licensed and lotteries are run by the government, it is not surprising to find a thieves' market. Gentlemen who have lost any of their belongings can

go here and buy them back at a greatly reduced figure. Even the churches are not exempt from depredations as the multitudes of brass candlesticks aver.

President Diaz steps into his carriage to drive to his summer home, the castle of Chapultepec. He passes the Alameda where the children play. An American child would look with interest at the little Mexican's highly colored "dulces" (sweets), his feathered monkeys, and his music extracted from empty blacking boxes, but he would not be nearly so happy or well-behaved.



"Our Lady of the Cat-tails" in the Alameda, Mexico.

The Drive of the Reform is adorned by statues of Columbus and Cuauhtemoc, the Indian emperor. Among the



A BUSY SIDE STREET.

lesser lights is a patriot that sacrificed an arm and a limb in defense of his country. The empty sleeve and the crutch are represented in bronze. Since both the missing members are from the same side, it is a good thing the gentleman stands still as he might find it difficult to navigate.

The castle stands on a rock around which has sprouted a forest of cypresses. This park is the envy of kings, yet the poorest Indian meanders through its flower beds. A winding road leads to the summit, and we read

was unique in that every battle was won by one side; the only opposition the Americans ever met was from this handful of boys. The Pompeian galleries were decorated by the Austrian Carlota, but the terraces with their trailing vines bring us to the present mistress, Madame Diaz herself.

Of high caste Spanish type, it was a condescension for her to marry even Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico. About half his age, of queenly appearance, and charming manners she supplied the social grace that the rough



All day the cries of the street venders rend the air, but dominating all shrills the nasal shriek of the hot tamale women.

history as we ascend. First are rude Aztec carvings shot with green snakes; at their foot gurgles the spring—thought to be haunted by the ghost of Marina, the Indian love of the Conqueror. The architecture of the castle itself is that of the viceroys. The military academy, with its young cadets picked from the best families, has some reminders of the Mexican war in the form of cannon balls lodged in the wall. A marble shaft bears the names of the young cadets who laid down their lives here when General Scott bombarded the place. This war

soldier of fortune most needed. She was educated by an English governess and speaks several languages. The widower Diaz had gained his title of military leader and was essaying the new role of ruler, when he first met Carmenita at a ball. Her intellectual face, as well as her girlish sweetness, attracted him. As for Senorita Rubio, as a little girl she had worshiped the gallant warrior, so it did not take her long to learn to love the kindly man. The president is opposed to the power of the Catholic church, so when he orders a raid on a convent, his wife who

is a devout Catholic, manages to get word first to the timid little nuns.

The story of Diaz reads more like a boy's favorite book of adventure than



The Banana is an ornamental tree.

the life of the president of a great republic. One of the seven children of an innkeeper, he was designed by his fond mother for the priesthood. She was doomed to disappointment for the little Porfirio had a predilection for shooting pistols from the roof on feast days. Full of pranks, he hid amid the giant cactus, stole rides on clumsy ore carts and helped the turkey vender drive his live wares through the streets. He was educated in the military academy and when he heard of Santa Ana's fighting up Texas, he started on foot for Mexico city to join the volunteers. Before he reached the capitol the peace treaty had been signed and he retraced his way. In the assembly, when called upon to vote for Santa Ana as dictator, Diaz refused to vote.

"You are afraid," jeered one of the men.

His brow lowering with wrath, Diaz strode up and cast his vote for a revolutionary opponent of that general. An uproar ensued and in the melee he escaped and fled to Mixteca, where the peasants were in revolt. Diaz placed himself at their head and with a tatter-de-malion following, armed with machetes,—long rusty knives, used for everything from spading the earth to cutting meat, he won his first battle. His men placed themselves on the cliffs and rolled huge boulders down on the republican infantry in the canyon. He was twenty-four years of age then.

The young captain fought all through the French invasion, during which he was shot twice, was taken prisoner three times, and escaped as many more. The most note-worthy thing during the campaign was his refusal to be bribed. When his officers were deserting daily and he was offered a fabulous price to go over to the other side he preferred to starve in the mountains and stay true to his cause. He was destined to ride into Mexico city at the end as commander-in-chief of the army.

One bullet, he carried in his body for a year and eight months. After he was shot he was carried on a litter, scorched by the blazing sun and drenched by the tropical rains. One day the men who were carrying the litter dropped it. When Diaz diz-



The Roof Gardens are charmed paradises.

zily sat up he determined to ride a horse, so ride he did. At the fall of Puebla he escaped by donning a blanket and strolling out as any camp straggler might have done. He was later imprisoned in a convent, where he began to dig a subterranean passage, but he was removed before it was finished. At the next jail Porfirio Diaz had two of his fellow prisoners engage the guards in a game of cards one night. He rolled three ropes into a ball, took his dagger and stole out on the roof. After almost falling through a skylight, he reached the outer wall, tied his rope around the statue of a saint and swung loose. He fell on the inner side and landed in a pig-sty. The pigs raised such an outcry at this intrusion that he thought that he was discovered, but he succeeded in getting out and swimming a flooded river while bullets of the sharpshooters whistled around him. He mounted a horse on the further side and got away. Escape presented more difficulties the next time he was taken prisoner. He had been hiding incognito in New Orleans as he was under ban for having led an insurrection against President Lerdo. He embarked aboard the steamship "City of Havana," bound for Vera Cruz, as a "Dr. Torres" of Cuba. It did not take him

claimed protection under the flag of the United States. He was free till he landed. He jumped overboard and as he floundered around in the water the sailors fished him up and brought him back. He procured a life saver from the purser resolved to try it again though they were far from



Thousands have no homes but the doorways and the gutter.

shore. His blood ran cold at the thought of sharks that infest the gulf. The purser, who better understood the dangers, proposed a counterplan. One night a splash was heard: commotion ensued. Diaz had gone. Later, a life-buoy was found washed up on the shore. At the port the ship was searched although Diaz had already gone ashore in the garb of a sailor. For seven days and nights he had been pent up and half stifled in the purser's sofa. The Lerdist officers had actually sat upon him as they played cards in the cabin.

The last forty years of the president's life has been the history of Mexico. The war-wracked country needed peace, and peace it has had, held in the iron grip of a military leader. The population is made up of hundreds of tribes of Indians, a generous admixture of foreigners, and endless mixed breeds. If this czar has ensconced himself upon a throne for decades it is that he fears changes rather than loves power. His genius has touched most of the improvements, and Mexico has some things we might copy. She sends her youth that show



View over the flat roofs of a Mexican town.

long to discover that some soldiers on board who had once been prisoners under him had pierced his disguise. He was seized, but he promptly

special ability in art, science, music, and literature abroad to study under foreign masters at the public expense. When they return they give their service as teachers for a while.

If Diaz has not crushed the insurrection in Chihuahua, it is because he has a contempt for the northern fight-

ing forces. He himself once went to this barren cattle land to gather the vaqueros (cowboys) into an army, and failed, for Mexico's wealth lies to the south. But the despot is an old man, and after him may come the upheaval.

## Beaten to Life.

*By John Henry Evans.*

Tommy Dobson stood up behind the brush, his tall form, thin and gaunt, sticking up like a rail. He had gone behind the bushes because he was deathly sick and because he did not want the rest of the company to know how sick he was.

He watched the haggard forms of the men and women pass by him a rod away, lugging their carts or pushing them. Thin creatures they were, every one of them, fagged out inexpressibly, their clothes hanging on them like rags on a scare-crow. The snow was knee deep, the frost was just coming on with its nightly bitterness, and the wind ran needles through the very bones.

"I ought to be going," Tommy said to himself.

But he did not go. Instead, he only looked at the slowly-moving train of wobbly hand-carts, till the last one had gone by. His own cart was half a mile ahead by this time, pulled alternately by his father and his brother, his mother and the two girls trudging along in the rear.

"I ought to be off," he said again. But he continued to stand there, his eyes following the motions of the last departing figure.

Then the horror of it all burst upon him, and he could have cried his eyes out for very pity and anguish and hopelessness. His mind ran backward and forward over the whole dreary situation.

He saw himself at Florence getting

ready for the march. He was present again at the meeting where the men debated whether, owing to the lateness of the season, the company would not better lie over for the spring. The view of the optimists prevailed, and the company began the journey. At first the roads were dusty, but no one minded that. Everybody sang songs and hymns to while away the time.

Then came that tired feeling which had never passed away. The older men and women, unwashed from day to day, grew less cheerful. The food began to show signs of running out, presently it began to run out, and in a little while everyone was put on rations. Then the rations became smaller and smaller, till a perpetual hunger gnawed the vitals like the worm that dieth not. To cap the climax, heavy snows and frost came, leaving universal havoc in their train.

He looked back upon the time when the first death had occurred. It had chilled him more than the cold. But he had got used to it long ago.

"Tommy!" was the usual word, "a grave for two! Graves for five, or nine, or thirteen!"

For Tommy, one of the strongest of all the four hundred, had been chosen for the gloomy task of grave-digger. And he had preserved his great strength longer than would have been by the wisdom and sense of his mother, who baked the four ounces of flour into small cakes, put them into her

great pocket, and doled them out to her family during the day, whereas the rest of the families, for the most part, devoured their cakes every morning before they were quite done, then went without for the rest of the twenty-four hours.

He thought now with peculiar horror of the man who had lost heart and given up. An old man it was. He had grown weary of life. Getting along worse even than the women, he had been twitted one day by men who were stronger than he, and who thought thus to put new heart into him, with being weaker than his wife. Then all of a sudden he had turned out of the road, saying, "I guess nobody cares for me, and so I'll lay down and die." Suiting the action to the word, he had lain down in the deep snow and had given up the ghost! What this man had done, any man almost could do. He had but to lie down and wish for death.

This incident made the more impression on Tommy Dobson that he had buried the man only this very morning. Was the spirit of death coming on him, too? Well, be it so! Maybe it would be better. If not now, it would be pretty soon. And what difference would a day or two make? There was no possible way to avoid it. The supply of food would give out presently, when everybody would die. Besides, now was a good time—better than any that could come hereafter. For the companies, every man and woman of them, had passed, with him staring at them. His own mother had not sufficient interest in him to help him! No one cared for him—that was clear!

Tommy had been so intent with these images and thoughts that he did not see nor hear his mother and his brother come up to him. Fearing just such a thing as he was doing, they had providentially come back through the deep snow to find and rouse him. And they had reached him just as he was in the act of lying down to die, exhaustion, physical and mental, having overcome him.

With a fine motherly instinct she saw what was up. But with what was more than fine motherly instinct, she saw the remedy.

"What is thee doin', Tommy, lad?" she cried, at the same time giving him as sound a cuff on the ear as her emaciated strength could deliver.

Down went poor Tommy all of a lump in the snow! His wits soon returned, and he got up only to be knocked down again and thoroughly trounced by the gritty little woman.

Now, Tommy had always been a quick-tempered, independent sort of fellow, who would never take more than his due, especially in kicks and cuffs. No sooner, therefore, had his mother begun to drub him than his temper broke out. He was thoroughly mad. Fiercely he looked about for a fight. Being inherently a gentleman, he would not strike his mother. But he pitched into his elder brother. Presently he was quieted. Then he walked with his two benefactors half a mile forward to where the company had encamped for the night.

The next day wagons, filled with provisions, met them from the Valley. There were no more deaths, and nobody who was wishing for that grim spectre.

## AFRAID.

**A timid little moon rose up, and stole along the sky;  
Her slender face was drawn and pale, and when we asked her why  
She dodged behind each passing cloud that strayed across her route,  
She said, "Oh, dear! I'm faint with fear—I hope the stars won't shoot!"**

EUNICE WARD.

# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY. - MARCH, 1911

## Evil Examples of Smoking.

The attitude of the Latter-day Saints on the subject of tobacco is definite. The Word of Wisdom fixes that. And thanks to the educational crusade which of late years has been carried on against the cigarette, the world is now convinced that the use of tobacco is injurious to the human body. Children the world over are taught at home and in the public schools, to avoid it; in fact, every avenue is used to impress upon the boys its degenerating effect upon mind and body. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, some of the strongest lessons that impress the young mind are daily given by prominent people of the world, which encourage the use of the weed, instead of its rejection. For

instance: In any of our leading cities, particularly the non-"Mormon" or mixed communities, we frequently read of "smokers" given for the members of this or that club. If we attend, we find nine out of every ten men, each pulling away at a big cigar. The room is full of smoke, and tobacco is king. Such an example is difficult to overcome. Almost to a man, the smokers will admit that they are trying to keep their sons from the vice, but what can be expected of the sons when the fathers themselves are such flagrant violators of their own rules!

Again, in many of the dramatic performances witnessed by our young people, we find the hero at some point in the drama striking a match and lighting a cigarette. Probably the next moment, by some act of heroism, he will draw the sympathy and applause of the audience. In the mind of every young boy in attendance this thought is implanted, namely: that he can be a hero and still smoke cigarettes. Is it not about time that such pernicious examples should cease? We cannot of course control the productions that pass through our cities, but at least the Latter-day Saints having charge of the local theatricals can see to it that smoking is eliminated from the play.

It is with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that we go into the exclusive meetings of the men of the Latter-day Saints and find the atmosphere clean and pure and in striking contrast to the gatherings of the men of the world. At the same time, we sense the danger to many young men who feel it necessary, for business reasons, to attend the "smokers" referred to above. Remember, all bad habits have small beginnings. Wherever they are, Latter-day Saints should be true to

their convictions and principles and not be drawn into the evil and degenerating habits of the world.

### Slang.

During a crowded session of the last General Conference, a very attractive young lady was noticed pushing her way through the throngs of people who were passing up and down the east stairway of the Salt Lake Tabernacle, some leaving on account of the excessive heat and others trying to secure their places. She seemed a beautiful girl and anxious to take part in the religious services then being conducted in the building. When she reached the center of the stairs she turned to her companion who was following her, and exclaimed: "*Gee, what a push! but we've got to squeeze through, that's a cinch!*"

Imagine the shock to the people waiting on those stairs. The girl's beauty disappeared, and she stood shorn of all the ladylike and refined attributes which she seemed at first to possess. It might have been a girl's thoughtless remark, but at any rate, she left the impression with the stair-case audience that she should be taught how to conduct herself in public places. Some lessons in the good, old, modest rules of our mothers would be a blessing to many of our young girls, and, by the way, each Sunday School teacher might occasionally, with profit, give the girls a lesson on the subject of slang.

### "The Cities of the Sun."

Some people were lured to the Bible by reading Ben Hur. So young people will tread the thorny path of knowledge if the teaching is done in the most effective way, by story telling. George Q. Cannon said that if he were a writer of fiction he would go to the Book of Mormon for material, as this early history of America abounds in dramatic situations.

Miss Elizabeth Cannon, after traveling extensively throughout Mexico and visiting many of its pre-historic cities, has written a little book of stories from the Book of Mormon entitled "The Cities of the Sun." Although by no means exhausting its historical events, it pictures vividly such scenes as the burning of the prophet Abinadi, the destruction of one of the Gadianton bands, the conflict of the forces of good and evil as embodied in the two opposing generals, Moroni and Amalickiah, with the ultimate triumph of the good, the miraculous mission of Ammon whereby one man converted a nation, and last of all, the condition of the last remnants of the Nephites as hunted from crag to crag by their inveterate foes.

The scenes are brilliant, the diction forceful, and the stories full of action. They are redolent with the atmosphere of the south.

Sunday School teachers, particularly in the second intermediate class will find it of value. The volume is an important addition to our fund of religious stories.

### AFTER WINTER COMES THE SPRING.

By Annie Malin.

In spring while flowers nod in the breeze  
And grass so green grows at our feet,  
While song-birds twitter in the trees  
And insects gather honey sweet,

Let us remember Him who gives,  
And praises to our Maker sing.  
Let's thank Him for the soul that lives—  
That after winter comes the spring.

And when we feel the icy breath  
Of wintry winds so cold and chill,  
Though well-loved forms are still in  
death

Within our hearts there's comfort still.

For God to us, His children, gave  
A recompense for every sting;  
He bids us look beyond the grave—  
For after Winter comes the Spring.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

## Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and  
Stephen L. Richards.*

### Stake Sunday School Conferences for 1911.

It has been thought advisable by the General Board to hold Stake Sunday School Conferences, in all of the Stakes, for the year 1911. In view of the fact that for the past two years a great deal of attention has been devoted to the development of department work in our Sunday Schools, and that this work has been particularly emphasized in our conventions held in recent years, it is thought that it would be desirable and profitable to devote a considerable part of our conferences to the advancement of the general work of the Sunday Schools. It is not intended that the interest in the special work of departments shall be abated in the least, for it is only by the advancement of department work that the Sunday School, as a whole, can succeed; but it is believed that a little special attention given to matters of organization, order and system in general assembly, enrollment, support of, and by the priesthood, the magnetism of Sunday School work and kindred subjects, would result in much good to the cause.

We have therefore planned for each stake a Sunday School Conference to be held during the year at such a time as will best suit the convenience of both the General Board and the Stake, and a list of dates set for the conferences, together with a program of exercises and meeting is submitted in this number of the JUVENILE. No announcement of the dates and program will be made by the Board except through the columns of the

JUVENILE, and Sunday School officers and teachers are urgently requested to carefully read the magazine for information on this subject.

The dates for conferences, hereafter set forth, have been chosen with a view of avoiding conflicts with other stake meetings as much as possible and also with a view of securing the best season of the year for travel in the various stakes of Zion so that as large an attendance of officers and teachers as possible may be secured. Another element taken into consideration is the practicability of members of the General Board reaching the conferences, there being certain seasons of the year when General Board members are not at liberty to make long trips; and so, while the General Board prefers to have the dates set forth adhered to as far as possible, we should nevertheless be glad to receive suggestions from the stakes as to changes that may seem necessary or desirable for their convenience. Such suggestions will receive our prompt and careful attention.

It will be observed that the conference will consist of four meetings: One at 9:30—the prayer meeting; one to be held at ten o'clock; one at twelve o'clock, and one at two o'clock. The twelve o'clock meeting is for members of the General and Stake Boards, Stake Presidency, High Councilors, and Bishoprics and will be devoted to a consideration of local conditions, difficulties and remedies. No special program has been provided for this meeting, and it is believed that it will not occupy more than forty-five minutes and that all in attendance will

have time for luncheon. It is suggested that the matter of the time, place and manner of holding Union meetings in the stake can be profitably considered at this session and also the organization and work of the Stake Board. Questions pertinent to Sunday School conditions in the stake will be considered at this meeting.

The assignment of all subjects on the program, as well as all arrangements for the conference will be in the hands of the Stake Superintendency and Stake Board. The Stake Superintendent will preside at all meetings. Assignments on the program should be made so as to give ample time for preparation and the Stake Superintendency should be assured that persons assigned to the program will respond so that there will not be vacancies to fill at the last moment. It is especially urged that the Stake Superintendencies and Board spare no pains to thoroughly advertise the conferences and secure a large representation from all wards.

It is suggested that the musical numbers on the program be in charge of the Stake Sunday School chorister, and that careful preparation be made for all musical numbers to be rendered.

As will be seen from the program, the 10 o'clock session is designed to serve as a model Sunday School, under the direction of the Stake Sunday School officers. The prayer meeting of the Stake Board with those invited to attend should be held promptly at 9:30 o'clock and the 9:55 music should be begun promptly on time. If the exercises as planned, are carefully and accurately carried out, we feel that they will serve to greatly aid ward superintendents in the conduct of their schools. No teacher is more forceful than that of example.

The program is self-explanatory, and it is not thought that more will be necessary in presenting the conferences to the Stake Superintendencies. We believe that the hearty co-opera-

tion of all concerned will make our Stake Conferences for 1911 the most profitable stake meetings yet held.

We suggest that the Stake Boards prepare a program for their local schools to be carried out on the date of the Conference, and that the schools be conducted under the direction of the members of the priesthood not required to be present at the Sunday School Conference.

### Sunday School Conference Dates, 1911.

- March 19—Ensign, Granite, Ogden.
- March 26—Pioneer, Alpine, Weber.
- April 16—Salt Lake, North Weber, Jordan.
- April 23—Liberty, Utah, Nebo.
- April 30—Davis, Tooele, Hyrum.
- May 14—Juab, Cache, Benson.
- May 21—Wasatch, Bear River, Box Elder.
- May 28—Rigby, Malad, Pocatello, Carbon.
- June 11—Yellowstone, Morgan, Summit, Woodruff.
- June 18—South Sanpete, North Sanpete.
- June 25—Bingham, Blackfoot.
- July 9—Fremont, Sevier.
- July 16—Bear Lake, Oneida.
- July 30—Beaver.
- August 13—Union, San Luis.
- September 10—Teton.

The dates for the following stakes will be announced later:

Alberta, Bannock, Big Horn, Cassia, Duchesne, Emery, Juarez, Kanab, Millard, Panguitch, Parowan, San Juan, St. George, Star Valley, Taylor, Uintah, Wync.

### Sunday School Stake Conference Program.

#### MORNING SESSION.

Stake Superintendent Presiding.

9:30—Prayer meeting for General and Stake Board members (Invitation to be extended to Stake Presidency, High Councilors, and Bishops to be present).

9:55—Music.

10:00—Roll call of General, Stake and Ward Sunday School officers and teachers by wards; Stake Presidency, High Councilors and Bishops.

Singing (All music to be selected by Stake Chorister.)

Prayer.

Abstract of Minutes.

Notices.

Singing (Sacramental)

Sacrament Gem as suggested in the Juvenile Instructor for the month previous to the one in which the Conference is held.

Administration of the Sacrament (to be arranged for by the Stake Superintendency, under the direction of the Stake Presidency).

Sacrament Thought, by Stake Board member, previously selected (one minute)

Concert Recitation, as suggested in the Juvenile Instructor for the month previous to the one in which the Conference is held, to be led by Stake Board member having that work in charge. Singing Practice (ten minutes).

Remarks—Preview of Conference, by General Board member.

Assignment to departments, by member of Stake Superintendency.

11:00—Department work.

Dismissal from Departments without reassembling.

#### NOON SESSION.

For General and Stake Boards, Stake Presidency, High Council and Bishoprics.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

General Assembly.

General, Stake and Ward Sunday School officers and teachers, Stake and Ward authorities and all interested in Sunday School work.

Song Service (fifteen minutes).

Prayer.

Music.

Address (ten minutes), Member of Stake Superintendency; subject, Plans for the Future.

Three-minute Talks by three Bishops to be selected by the Stake Superintendency; subject, What Function in the ward does the Bishop expect the Sunday School to fulfil.

Special Music (The Board suggests "The Sunday School Volunteers," song for boys or mixed chorus—Juvenile Instructor, No. 11, Vol. 45).

Remarks by Stake Presidency—"Authority of Stake Sunday School officers—their Relation to Stake Presidency.

Remarks by Members of General Board "The Magnetism of the Sunday School Work."

"Preparation of Sunday School Lessons,"

"The Sunday School as a Missionary Factor."

Music.

Benediction.

#### DEPARTMENT WORK—11 A. M.

Each Department to be presided over by Senior Department Worker.

**Superintendents' Department, with Secretaries, Treasurers and Librarians associated.**

Open discussion—Adaptation of the following subjects to stake conditions:

Union meetings.

Preparation meetings.

Juvenile Instructor.

General assembly.

Division of responsibility.

Superintendents' Council Meetings.

**Choristers and Organists.**

Open discussion of the following topics:

Results in Four-part Singing.

Boys Singing.

The new song book and appropriate selection of songs for the various exercises of the Sunday School.

Organ music (secure a list of compositions suitable for Sunday School use).

**Parents' Department.**

Paper: "Getting Things Done in Parents' Class Work."

1. Getting people there.

2. Getting live discussions.

3. Getting practical results in real life.

Discussion.

Benediction.

**Theological Department.**

Paper (Subject to be of local interest, chosen and assigned by Stake Board).

Discussion.

Benediction.

**Second Intermediate Department.**

Paper: "The consistent use of the Bible and Book of Mormon by the pupils of the Second Intermediate department."

1. Give evidence statistically and otherwise of your accomplishment to this end since our last annual conventions.

2. Indicate what you have in prospect in this line in the future.

**First Intermediate Department.**

Paper, "The Book of Mormon Stories as published in the Juvenile Instructor: What They have Done for this Stake.

Discussion.

Benediction.

**Primary Department.**

A consideration of the book "How to Tell Stories to Children," written by Sara Cone Bryant; to be arranged for by the Stake Supervisor.

**Kindergarten Department.**

Exhibition and discussion of Sunday School Kindergarten material, under the direction of the Stake Supervisor.

**CONCERT RECITATION FOR APRIL, 1911.**

(John 13: 34, 35.)

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

**SACRAMENT GEM FOR APRIL.**

His precious blood He freely spilt—  
His life He freely gave;  
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,  
A dying world to save.

**Librarians' Department.**

*Levi W. Richards, Chairman; John M. Mills, Howard R. Driggs.*

**What a Book Said.**

Once upon a time a library book was overheard talking to a little boy, who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold, as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or put in between my leaves a pen-

cil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are finished with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day; and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

"We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess."

## Parents' Department.

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter*

### Parents and Teachers.

Our educational system is the general subject of Part II of Vol. II, "Parent and Child." The one great purpose of the lessons given under this broad subject is to bring about a live co-operation between parents and teachers. The home and the school are too far apart. They need to be connected up with live wires of communication.

Is your Parents' Class getting this desired result? What steps are being taken to further a closer acquaintance—a spirit of mutual helpfulness between parents and teachers?

Have you opened the way? Have you invited the teachers to join you in your discussions? Have you had any "get acquainted" socials? Have you visited your schools more to learn of the good work they are doing? Have you brought the teachers to your homes? Have you organized any parent-teacher leagues to further the work that means so much for you and your children? Have you joined hands with other patrons of the school, whether of your creed or not, in an effort to make your schools better? If you have done any or all of these things, then you are bringing about the right and the desired results from these lessons.

Echoes have come to us that many classes are passing over these lessons with undue haste—making them the occasion of a little fruitless discussion, or even unprofitable fault-finding. This was not intended. These lessons were planned as guide posts to helpful action. It was felt that parents should take a livelier interest in the doings of their schools, should put themselves into harmonious and helpful co-operation with the teachers to whom they trust so much.

The teachers need the help that comes from a more intelligent interest

in school matters on the part of parents. They will welcome it. The parents need the help, too, that teachers can give. A friendly discussion of matters of vital interest to both parents and teachers will do both much good, and aid greatly in bettering our schools. Suggestions and criticism of home and school training will come in such discussion; but they should come from an honest desire to build up, to sustain the hands of our representatives in educational activities—the teachers and trustees.

Our schools are our pride. They are accomplishing great good. Our teachers as a body are most worthy of the great trust reposed in them. But neither schools nor teachers are perfect. They make no pretense to having reached the ideal. Neither are parents and homes perfect. The school training and home training, however, can be greatly bettered, can be made to reinforce each other, if parents and teachers will get together and pull together. Parents' Classes can do much towards getting this desired result.

Do something to get next to the work of your teachers. Appreciate their struggles. Reach the helping hand to them. They will be quick to reciprocate. If they do not show a willingness to join, then you have one good evidence, that you need a new teacher. Most of our teachers will show no such spirit. They want to join with the parents.

Our educational problems can not be solved by teachers nor parents alone. Even when we do work earnestly together, we shall find the problem difficult enough. But the more we study and work upon these vital problems, the faster and better shall we solve them. Let parents and teachers be brought together and work for results. This is the prime purpose of these lessons.

Many classes are already doing live

work on these subjects. Reports of profitable "teacher-parent" meetings—of "get-acquainted" gatherings are coming to us constantly. Tooele city has set a commendable pace by organizing a parent-teacher league. This organization meets once a month; it includes all the parents of the district, regardless of creed. State Superintendent Nelson, and other educators who have attended the meetings of this league, glow in praise of the work being accomplished. In some towns there are movements underway to better the school grounds, to gravel or cement its walks, to plant trees. The library movement, and public playground movement are receiving renewed impetus from the combined efforts of parents and teachers in many communities.

What like results has your class to report? We shall be seriously disappointed if the various classes throughout the Church shall pass over these vital subjects without bringing about some live and practical benefits to themselves and their schools by reason of these discussions.

Let us hear what *real Parents' Class work* you are accomplishing along

these lines. When you have done something worth while, speak up—write to the Parents' Class Committee. It will help you and others to report your successes.

### Coming Work for Parents' Classes.

The Parents' Class Committee is now preparing a series of lessons to reinforce and supplement the work offered in Volumes I and II of Parent and Child. A *new view* of some live subjects is being planned. We feel sure these coming lessons will be full of interest and profit. They will soon be ready for the workers. Watch the JUVENILE.

In the meantime, keep up the good work you are doing. Act upon the suggestions in the preceding article on Parents and Teachers. Work for results. Shape your lessons constantly to bring about practical returns. Let it be said of your class that it is a *moving force for good*. Be able to prove it by having at least one worthy achievement in your community that came directly out of the efforts of the Parents' Class.

## Theological Department.

*Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.*

### Jesus the Christ.

#### Lesson 10. "Honored by Strangers, Rejected by His Own."

The first part of this lesson deals with the incident of the presence of Jesus in the land of Samaria, and with the characteristics of the people. The Samaritans were a mixed people, the result of intermarriages between the Israelites and other nations, notably the Assyrians. Between the Samaritans and the Jews there existed a strong feeling of dislike amounting even to enmity. To the orthodox Jew of that day, a Samaritan was even

more unclean than a Gentile of any other nation. It is instructive to note the extreme and even absurd restrictions then in force in the matter of regulating unavoidable relations between Jews and Samaritans. For a Jew to eat food prepared by a Samaritan was as much of an offense under the law as to eat the flesh of swine. The testimony of a Samaritan could not be taken in a Jewish court. While it was admitted that produce raised on a Samaritan field was not unclean, inasmuch as it sprang directly from the earth, such produce became unclean if subjected to any treatment at Samari-

tan hands. Thus, grapes and wheat could be bought from Samaritans, but not wine nor flour manufactured therefrom by Samaritan labor. Note that at a later period, the epithet, "Samaritan" was hurled at Christ—"Thou art a Samaritan and hast a devil." (John 8:48.)

Under ordinary conditions, Jews who were traveling from Galilee in the north to Judea in the south, or in the opposite direction, would make a long detour rather than pass through the land of Samaria. In the journey from Judea to Galilee, with which this lesson deals, Jesus went by the more direct route, which led through Samaria. While resting at the historic spot marked by Jacob's well, He met a Samaritan woman who came there to draw water. He asked her to give Him a drink. Note the woman's surprise at finding herself addressed by a Jew, and study carefully the incidents of the conversation between Jesus and the woman. The incident is a memorable one in that it marked the first occasion of Christ declaring Himself to be the Messiah, as far as we have any record. (John 4:25, 26.) The woman believed His declaration; her testimony was based primarily on what she regarded as His miraculous knowledge (verses 28-30; also 39). Many of the Samaritans to whom she told her experience came to believe in Christ. They accepted Him first because of the woman's testimony, and later through their own convictions.

Continuing His journey, Jesus passed into Galilee. He was at first well received, for the fame of His doings at Jerusalem had preceded Him. At Cana He was entreated by a nobleman, whose son lay ill at Capernaum. Note the comforting response: "Go thy way, thy son liveth." Because of the miraculous healing, the nobleman and his household were numbered among the believers.

We read of Jesus next in Nazareth, among His own people. They were astounded at His preaching, at the as-

surance with which He spoke, and of the authority He assumed. Their astonishment led to anger and rage; they rejected Him as a prophet and sought to take His life but were unable to harm Him. His time had not yet come.

At Capernaum He performed other notable miracles, and the fame of His words and deeds spread throughout the land.

Note:—The teacher will find much help in the Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for 1897-8. In connection with this lesson see Manual Lesson VII, particularly notes 1 and 2.

### Lesson 11. "Lord of the Sabbath."

The observance of the Sabbath was a prominent requirement under the Mosaic law: specific demands and prohibitions were made, and the penalty of death had been decreed for unlawful desecration of the holy day. For centuries prior to the birth of Christ, many rules had been added to the law, and extreme exactions as to Sabbath observance had come into operation under priestly rule. There were numerous regulations as to personal deportment and demeanor; and any outward act of Sabbath desecration was regarded as a serious offense and was punished accordingly.

It is a notable fact that in the early part of Christ's ministry, His opponents sought to destroy His influence by accusing Him of Sabbath breaking. They could not have hit upon a more effective charge, inasmuch as the very suspicion of such an offence would tend to turn the people against Him. The significant fact is that the Savior was scrupulous in observing the sanctity of the Sabbath, by strict compliance with the spirit of the law, while He treated with small respect the observance of the letter alone, consisting in but an outward form devoid of spiritual sincerity. Note the significance of His doctrine: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." He declared Himself to be the author of the law; He

was therefore the one best fitted to interpret it aright: "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

There was a well defined Pharisaic plot to convict Jesus of Sabbath desecration. True, it failed at the time, for Christ's ministry was barely begun; nevertheless, the opposition then evinced was the beginning of the priestly persecution that was to culminate in His death. The charge of Sabbath breaking and blasphemy (read John, chap. 5) was as the shadow of the cross which thus early rested upon Him. The sin of blasphemy consists essentially in taking to one's self the powers and prerogatives that belong to God, or in denying the attributes of Deity. It is deeply significant, tragic indeed, that Jesus, who indeed was God and therefore incapable of blasphemy, should be the one charged and at last falsely convicted of this terrible accusation.

Note the petty character of the charges of Sabbath desecration brought against our Lord. He had healed a man at the pool of Bethesda. The Jews persecuted the man for carrying his bed, from which he had been miraculously raised on the Sabbath day. (Study carefully the incidents given in the last division of the outline). Note that in the case of the man healed of blindness, (John 9) the priestly rulers, unable to convict Jesus of any specific violation of the law, expelled the man. Note the impressive testimony of the man who had been healed. He was unable to meet the objections of the priests by argument, but was able to say: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see" (verse 25). Another instance of the trifling charges brought against Jesus and His disciples is found in the accusation that the disciples desecrated the Sabbath by rubbing out corn from the ear, as they walked through the fields.

The important lesson to be impressed upon the students in connection with this subject is that no mere outward observance, which at best con-

stitutes but the dead letter of the law, can compensate for neglect of true inward and sincere observance, which is the life-giving spirit of the law.

### Lesson 12. "His Chosen Twelve,"

We have already seen, (Lesson 8) that certain men had been individually called by Jesus to follow Him. This was specifically true of the five mentioned in the earlier lesson: Remember, as was explained in connection with that lesson, that though these men had thus become disciples of our Lord, they had not been called or ordained to the apostleship. Explain briefly the distinction between a disciple and an apostle, as already indicated. In the present lesson we have to deal with the calling and ordination of the twelve. Preparatory to this important occasion, which was indeed nothing less than an epoch-making event in the history of the church, Jesus spent the night in prayer on the mountain. In the early morning, the twelve, who before this time had been known as disciples, now became apostles (Luke 6:13; see also Matt. 10:2). The personal call was followed by actual ordination—"He ordained twelve." (Mark 3:14). In all, seven had thus been called (see references, Lesson 12:2). Observe the important purpose of this call and ordination—"That they should be with me; and that I might send them forth to preach," etc. In the list given by Luke, the apostles were named in pairs, (compare Mark 6:7). In each list, Peter stands first, and Judas Iscariot last.

The teacher will find time for but a brief statement concerning the apostles individually considered, but this part of the subject is treated with sufficient fullness in the outline; indeed, it may seem that the matter there presented is altogether too extensive for a single lesson. Remember, as before stated, that each subject must be carefully studied and thoroughly digested by the teacher. In this lesson select

what you regard as the most important points and emphasize such, rather than attempt to present all details concerning each of the Twelve. Do not attempt to give a biography of each of the apostles, as such an attempt could result only in failure.

### Church History.

Let us call attention once again to the fact that the main purpose in studying Church history is the culture of an intelligent faith, and that the all important thing in teaching the subject is to lay stress, in the class, on such things as promise to promote or accomplish this end. We repeat this suggestion here because in the lessons for March and April there is an ocean of details about other things, in which there is danger of getting lost—even drowned, faith and all. That is to say, it is mainly about the persecution which the Saints underwent in Missouri and Illinois, a good deal of which must be passed by in the class. The following plan is therefore suggested:

First, the teacher should go over the lesson himself to pick out points for emphasis that will be of best service to his particular class.

Secondly, the whole of the material covered in the outline should be assigned, and each pupil urged to read it all, with special emphasis on the point chosen for discussion in the class.

Thirdly, no attempt should be made to discuss *everything assigned*, but only those points selected for emphasis and detail.

To make our suggestion concrete: In Lesson 10 the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson county is treated. Obviously, not all the details of this topic can be covered in the time allotted to a Sunday morning recitation. What point, now, should be chosen for emphasis? No doubt the teacher will be the best judge of this, for he is on the ground and understands the needs of his class. But we suggest the following: That the expulsion of the Saints was permitted be-

cause of their own sins. This would be faith-promoting in two respects. First, it may remove a doubt, in that some might think the Prophet's prediction and hopes in respect to the establishment of Zion failed of realization. And then, it will show that the Lord does not trifle with the acts of men when they are in disobedience of His laws; that no man may violate with impunity his commandments. To teach this lesson properly one will have to go into details. Note, first, that the Lord Himself designated the land of Missouri as the gathering place of the Saints; secondly, that it was only on certain conditions, that they could occupy the land; thirdly, when they did not observe these conditions the Lord did not thrust them out indeed, but permitted their neighbors to drive them out.

Lesson 11 should have as its main aim to arouse an interest in the redemption of Zion. This is the main helpful point here. The fact that the Lord allowed the Missourians to expel the Saints from their homes is not evidence that He has abandoned the idea or that we should abandon it. In truth we are enjoined to remember it, which we do. But our children do not learn as much about it as they should. Here is an opportunity to clear up their ideas on the subject and impress them.

As for Lesson 12, the central point here may be broadened to include the general fact that the Saints had great faith as is evident by what they suffered on its account. What did the Saints suffer in Ohio and in Jackson county? Were they a bad people, low and disreputable, as their enemies claimed? Suppose they had been willing to give up their religion, what would then be the relationship with their neighbors? What elements of character are revealed in the fact that they refused to give it up? Application should be made to our own individual condition today. Character is always tested by some crucial circumstance.

## Second Intermediate Department.

*Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.*

### Book of Mormon.

Only one lesson is outlined for March in the first year's work of this department, but it is a very important one. The founding of two great nations is described here in the simplest possible language. The unbelief of Laman and his followers, their greed for power, lack of faith, and their disobedient dispositions, almost enables the reader to foretell the main features of their destiny. In striking contrast the faithful, humble followers of Nephi command our admiration and fill us with hope and expectancy respecting their growth and happiness.

Perhaps nowhere else in sacred or profane history is recorded so instructive an account of the founding of nations. The simple but all powerful elements that make for greatness or its opposite, stand out in this chapter in such bold relief that even children of the age of those in this department can understand their meaning and influence.

Perhaps no better truth than the aim suggested in the outline could grow out of such a lesson, and applying this great truth to the individual, he surely can do no better than to cultivate the disposition and faithfulness of Nephi. The text given should be read and discussed in the class.

### Bible Lessons for March.

The Bible lessons for March center about two great patriarchs, Noah and Abraham, and it is a pity we have so little of their lives recorded for us to study. The first, like Adam, stands as the father of our race, and both without doubt were foreordained for the great work they did.

The absence of details concerning the great events in the lives of both of them, have induced scholars to draw on their imaginations to fill in certain

essential particulars, and the modern tendency in doing this is to rob these of much of their value in promoting faith by changes and interpretations that take away most of the supernatural power of God. This is a matter of deepest regret, as it casts of necessity a doubt into the minds of the young concerning the truth of the Bible as a whole.

God, in His operations with man, is not confined to the use of the laws known to man. The rapid advancement of science during only the past generation shows that man has only begun his discoveries of the great laws of nature which God knew and could use from the beginning, and it is not necessary to make all the miraculous things mentioned in Scripture conform to what man is familiar with.

It might be a good thing to read in the class most of the verses included in the text and induce the pupils to comment upon them. Compare what the Pearl of Great Price says concerning the flood, with the Bible, and, in accounting for the wickedness of the people during Noah's preaching, bear in mind that for three hundred years Enoch, with great power, had been preaching and gathering out the more righteous part and these had been translated. Thus only the worst were left for the flood to destroy.

A scholarly work, in arguing against the confusion of tongues and the tower of Babel, says that the word Babel does not mean "confusion" or "mixed," as is usually supposed, but its actual meaning is "Gate to God." Since after Zion fled the Scriptures inform us that many righteous ones were caught up to it, may not the tower have been built as a gate to the still visible city of God? The Bible says they built it to get to heaven.

In considering the confusion of

tongues, read to the class the experience of the brother of Jared and his friends in this connection, found in the Book of Ether (1:33-37). Consider also the gift of tongues and interpretation of tongues to show how supernatural power may be made to affect human language. Compare also with the gift of prophecy, wherein men declare things that surprise themselves, under the influence of the power of God.

The two lessons on the life of Abraham, even as given in the texts mentioned, form most interesting study. Who can read those texts without great interest? A modern wrong conception of Abraham, is an under-valuation of his knowledge and education.

So little of the learning of his time has come down to us that this dweller in tents is regarded as almost a savage, though admitted to have been far ahead of his contemporaries. The Pearl of Great Price, however, tells us that he was a great seeker after knowledge and righteousness; and that he had the Urin and Thummim, whereby he learned the principles of astronomy and other sciences as well as philosophy. The Lord was his teacher; why should he not have been truly educated? No ignorant barbarian could ever have influenced the race as did Abraham; and no one but God could have fulfilled the promises that are recorded in those ancient records concerning him.

## First Intermediate Department.

*Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford*

### DISCOVERY OF ZARAHLEMLA.

About four hundred years after Lehi left Jerusalem, the Nephites departed from the city of Lehi-Nephi. Their neighbors, the Lamanites, had doubtless become so oppressive in the meantime as to make it extremely galling to remain there longer. Nor was it desirable for them to stay; for the Lord warned their king, Mosiah, to flee with his people into the wilderness. They traveled northward. After a weary journey of many days, they came to a city on the western banks of the river Sidon, about two days' journey from its head waters. They found it impossible to understand the people whom they found there, for the reason that in the course of many generations, the latter's language had become corrupted and entirely changed.

Here the Nephites settled. They established schools in which they taught the people of Zarahemla in matters pertaining to their language and the scriptures. When the two peoples were able to interchange thought, Mosiah

learned much from Zarahemla concerning the history of his people. They had come from Jerusalem, nearly four hundred years before, having with them the infant son of Zedekiah, king of the Jews. This son, when he grew up, reigned over them, founding a line of kings of which the present king was the last. All this information Mosiah recorded upon the large plates.

For some time the two peoples lived on together, finally uniting under Mosiah into one people with one language, one government, and one set of customs. The history of this people at Zarahemla teaches very potently the fact that a nation easily and rapidly dwindles into ignorance and a low stage of civilization, if it have no written language and sacred records.

### ZENIFF RETURNS TO LEHI-NEPHI.

In this way things went on for a short time. Soon, however, some of Mosiah's people became dissatisfied. Probably they looked down on their less intelligent neighbors with ill-will.

Then, too, they were over-zealous to possess their former home. So they gathered an army and set out on their journey. They intended to go directly to Lehi-Nephi, and there fall upon the Lamanites who occupied the land. Arrived at Shilom, near their destination, their leader sent out Zeniff as a spy to see how their purpose might be accomplished. Zeniff, discovering many virtues in the Lamanites, recommended on his return that the latter be not destroyed. The leader, an austere, blood-thirsty man, ordered that Zeniff be put to death for recommending such a mild policy. The result was a division in the army. The two parties fought. In the struggle all but about fifty were killed. The survivors were Zeniff and his party, who returned to Zarahemla and reported what had occurred.

Nothing daunted at the outcome of the former expedition, Zeniff was ambitious to try again to regain his lost home. He collected an army, this time taking with him the wives and children of the soldiers. His intention was to regain the land without bloodshed. Pitching their tents at Shilom, Zeniff with other chief men of his followers made a treaty with King Laman. According to this treaty, Zeniff and his people were permitted to enter, and the Lamanites were allowed to leave the city unmolested. King Laman's object was altogether mercenary; for he knew that the Nephites were always industrious and that they would therefore afford greater resources for plunder. Hence he was glad to have them return.

For about twelve years they lived in peace. At the expiration of this time, war began. But in these struggles, Zeniff and his people were victorious. In ten years more there was another bloody battle. Sores were the people of Zeniff pressed by their relentless enemies; and in all probability some of the former regretted their leaving Zarahemla and plunging themselves alone in war.

#### THE BURNING OF ABINADI.

Zeniff reigned in righteousness over this branch of the Nephite race for many years. At the close of his long and useful life, he appointed his son, Noah, to succeed him. Realizing that Noah was young and somewhat wayward, Zeniff selected some of the best and wisest priests to act as counselors to him. Then he died.

The young king, however, was not content with what his father had done. Removing the priests selected by his father, he chose men more to his liking. This reign was peculiarly oppressive, worse many times than Lamanitish hatred could have subjected the people to. Everyone was taxed to the extent of one-fifth of his property for the purpose, as was shown later, of building costly and magnificent edifices to gratify the vanity of the wicked rulers.

Not only was the reign a wicked one; the people also were for the most part very bad. "As with the priest so with the people," was again proved a wise saying. So wicked, in fact, were the people, that the Lord sent Abinadi, the prophet, to warn them of their wickedness and to preach repentance to them.

The treatment which this good prophet received at their hands showed how deeply they had drunk of the bitter cup of sin. From the beginning he was persecuted; nevertheless, he continued to preach; and when he was driven away, he returned in disguise to deliver his message. But he could not remain long in disguise. Being discovered, he was imprisoned, tried for a pretended offense against their laws, and condemned to death by fire. Then his righteous indignation overflowed. He denounced in scathing terms the corruption of the king and his slavish priests. From the midst of the consuming flames he warned his persecutors of a terrible vengeance which God would take upon them. He had previously predicted that the king's life

would be consumed like a garment in the furnace; the children of his people would be brought into bondage, have burdens strapped on their backs, and be driven like dumb animals; they

would all be hunted like wild beasts in the forest, and their cries to the Lord for mercy would be sent up in vain. We shall see anon how these predictions were fulfilled to the very letter.

## Primary Department.

*Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.*

### Lesson 7. "Abraham and Isaac."

I am going to tell you this morning some wonderful things which took place many years ago. In a large, neat tent which stood in the midst of a beautiful olive grove in the plains of Mamre, there lived a man and his wife. The man's name was Abraham, and his wife's name was Sarah.

At the time of which I speak, Abraham and Sarah were almost one hundred years old. If you will count one hundred slowly, you will get an idea of the age of those good people.

One day, as Abraham sat resting himself in the doorway of his tent, he looked up and saw three strange men coming towards him. He quickly arose and went out to meet them.

As he came up to them he saw, to his surprise and joy, that they were angels of God. His heart beat fast. Why had they come? What important message had they brought to him? Abraham bowed down before his heavenly visitors, and welcomed them to his humble abode. He invited them to sit down in the shade of a tree while he washed their feet and while his wife, Sarah, prepared them something to eat.

After having refreshed themselves with bread and butter, milk and meat, the angels said to Abraham, "Abraham, we have been sent by the Lord to tell you that your wife Sarah is going to become the mother of a baby boy."

Abraham was so astonished on hearing the news that he could not speak for some time. He just stood

looking at the angel who had told him the glad tidings. He, however, believed all the angel said. On hearing the heavenly messenger tell her husband that she would be the mother of a baby boy, Sarah, who was inside the tent, laughed aloud. She could hardly believe that such a thing could come to pass, seeing that she was so old.

The angel heard Sarah laugh. He went to the door of the tent and said in a solemn voice, "Sarah, why did you laugh? Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

Sarah felt ashamed at having doubted the truth of the angel's message.

Days and weeks and months passed by. At last the time came that was spoken of by the angel, and, to the great delight of Abraham and Sarah, a dear, sweet baby boy was born to them.

When the babe was eight days old he was christened by his father and given the name of Isaac. The little one was the joy and delight of his parents. He had come to them as a special blessing from the Lord; they would take the greatest care of him, and teach him to become a wise and good man.

Isaac grew and became a fine, bright boy. He used to go out into the fields with his father and watch the sheep and cattle feed on the fresh grass, and the little lambs play in the warm sun. And when he would be returning he would gather armfuls of sticks for his mother's fires.

And now I am going to tell you of a great trial which one day came to Isaac's father. The Lord said to Abra-

ham, "Abraham, I want you to take your boy Isaac up to the top of a mount, and there offer him up as a sacrifice to me."

I cannot tell you how sad the good man felt when he heard those words. A terrible pain pierced his heart, and the tears began to run down his aged cheeks. What did he do? He simply bowed his head and said, "The Lord's will be done."

At the appointed time Abraham took Isaac and two other young men and set out for the place where the sacrifice was to be made. Abraham had not told his son what the Lord had commanded him to do.

When they came to the foot of the mount, Abraham told the young men to remain there while he and Isaac went up to the top of the mount to worship the Lord.

As they were going up the side of the mount, Isaac said to his father: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" But Abraham could not tell his son even at that time. He placed his hand upon his head, and looking down into his sweet, innocent face, said: "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering."

At last the top of the mount was reached. Abraham built an altar of stones and placed the fire and wood upon it. The dreaded moment had at last arrived. Abraham drew his darling boy to him, and with trembling lips told him that he was to be the sacrifice. The brave little fellow uttered not a word against the command of the Lord. He felt that God knew best. So he suffered his father to bind him and place him upon the altar.

Abraham raised a large knife, and was just in the act of slaying his son, when the angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven, saying: "Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me."

Abraham looked round and saw in a thicket close by a ram caught by the horns, so he went and got the ram and offered up the animal in the place of his son Isaac.

Abraham and Isaac returned to their tent rejoicing, and told Sarah all that had taken place. She joined her husband in praising the Lord for sparing the life of their son. Because of his great faith Abraham was called "The Father of the Faithful."

### Lesson 8. "Ishmael."

Review of previous lesson.—1. Whom did I tell you about in last Sunday's lesson? 2. What manner of people were Abraham and Sarah? 3. How do you know they were good people? 4. By whom were Abraham and Sarah visited on one occasion? 5. What promise did the angels make to them? 6. How did Sarah act on hearing what the angel said? 7. What did the heavenly messenger say to her? 8. Did the angel's promise come true? 9. What was the baby's name? 10. What kind of a boy was Isaac? 11. Tell of some way in which he helped his mother. 12. Tell of the way in which Abraham was tried? 13. What did you learn from the lesson?

Abraham had two wives. His first wife was named Sarah, the woman you heard about in the lesson last Sunday. Today I am going to tell you about Abraham's second wife. She was an Egyptian, and her name was Hagar.

This is how Abraham came to take Hagar to be his wife: Hagar was Sarah's maid. She had lived with Abraham and Sarah for a number of years. They liked her very much, for she had performed all her duties faithfully.

Abraham and Sarah were growing old. They had no children—that was many years before Isaac was born.

One evening, as Abraham and Sarah sat together, Sarah said to her husband, "Abraham, I am very sorry that we have not got any children. I wish

we had, if it were only one. I have thought seriously over this matter lately, and do you know what I have decided to do?" Abraham answered that he did not.

"Well," said Sarah, "I am going to give you my maid Hagar to be your wife. Perhaps we shall be blessed with children by her."

Abraham felt very happy when he heard what Sarah had decided to do, for he had often wished for children, too. So he took Hagar as his wife.

Some time after Hagar had become Abraham's wife, she began to make fun of Sarah and to say unkind things to her.

Sarah's feelings were so terribly hurt that she told Abraham that Hagar would have to go and live some other place.

Hagar started out to seek for a new home. After traveling for a long time she became tired and sat down to rest beside a fountain of water. She regretted having spoken unkindly to Sarah, and felt sorry for the trouble she had brought into the home.

She had sat looking into the water for some time, and as she raised her eyes, to her great surprise there stood beside her an angel of the Lord.

The angel asked her why she was in that place and where she was going. Hagar told the heavenly messenger what had happened. He comforted her by telling her that she would be blessed with a baby boy whose name would be Ishmael. He then told her to return to Sarah and Abraham, and to ask their forgiveness.

Hagar did as the angel commanded her. She was freely forgiven by Abraham and Sarah, and for many years they lived happily together.

When Ishmael was fourteen years of age, and soon after Isaac, Sarah's son, was born, trouble broke out again in Abraham's family. It was caused by Hagar's son making mock of Sarah.

Sarah told Abraham of Ishmael's conduct and requested him to send Hagar and her son to their own people in Egypt. Abraham did not like

to send Hagar away, but the Lord told him to do so.

Abraham arose early the next morning and prepared food for Hagar and Ishmael on the journey, also a leathern bottle of cold, fresh water. When they were ready to start, Abraham bade them good-bye, and Hagar and her son set out for Egypt.

They traveled for a long time. Then a serious thing happened—the mother and child got lost in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.

To add to their misery the water in the bottle was exhausted, and Hagar and Ishmael were almost perishing with thirst. It was a terrible trial to the poor mother to see her child suffer for a drink of water.

Ishmael began to cry pitiously, and then Hagar broke down and began to cry also. The boy became so exhausted that his mother thought his end had come, so she laid him down under some bushes, and went and sat down a distance off, that she might not see him die.

Now, what do you think happened?

"The Lord sent help to them." The angel of the Lord called to Hagar out of heaven. He told her to be of good cheer, for God had heard the cries of her child.

Then he told her to go and lift the lad and hold him in her arms. She did so. Then, to her great surprise she saw, a short distance away, a well of water. She carried her darling boy to the well and quenched his thirst. After which she took a drink herself, and also filled the bottle. Then she lifted her voice in praise to God, for saving the life of herself and child.

The angel of the Lord told Hagar that God would bless Ishmael and that He would make of him a great nation, because he was a son of Abraham. All that the angel told Hagar has come to pass.

### Lesson 9. "Esau and Jacob."

1. Review. Our lesson last Sunday was about —? 2. To what country did Hagar belong? 3. What services did

she render to Sarah? 4. How did she come to be Abraham's wife? 5. What was the name of Hagar's son? 6. What happened when Ishmael was fourteen years of age? 7. What provision did Abraham make for the journey? 8. What happened to Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness? 9. How were they preserved? 10. What promise did the angel make to Hagar concerning Ishmael? 11. What may we learn from this lesson?

When Isaac was forty years old he married a good woman whose name was Rebekah. They had been married a number of years, but no baby had come to bring joy to their home.

That made Isaac and Rebekah feel very bad. They prayed often to the Lord about the matter. At last the Lord answered their prayer by sending them two baby boys. The first baby that was born was called Esau. He was different to other babies. Almost all of his little body was covered with hair. His twin brother, who was born soon after, was given the name of Jacob.

Now Esau, who was the first-born, was entitled to his father's first blessing. But because he did not prize it, the Lord suffered it to be taken from him.

The Lord is very careful about His gifts. When we prove ourselves worthy of a gift He is pleased to bestow one upon us; but if we fail to appreciate the Lord's blessings, He takes them away from us.

Esau and Jacob grew up to be men. Esau was a great hunter.

Jacob differed very much from his brother. He was of a quiet, gentle disposition. He had large flocks of sheep, and spent most of his time in looking after them.

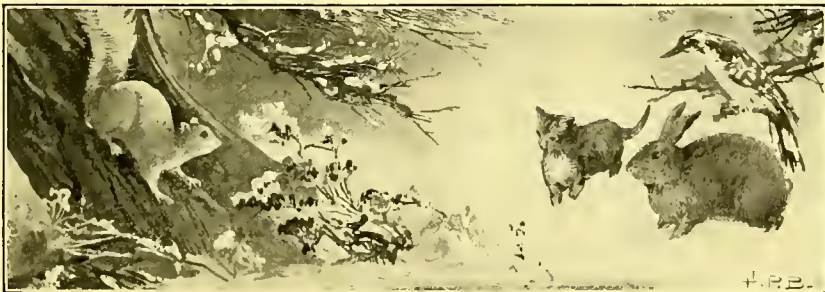
One morning Esau took down his bows and arrows and went off on a hunting trip. He hunted all day without killing a single animal. He returned hungry and in rather low spirits. Jacob had been at home that day. He had prepared a meal of pottage, or red lentils, and when Esau came home and saw the food which Jacob had cooked, he asked him to give him some of it.

Now, Jacob knew that Esau did not appreciate his birthright as he ought to have done. Jacob wished that he were entitled to his father's first blessing. He knew that he would think a great deal more of it than Esau did. Would it be possible for him to get that blessing? He would try.

So when Esau asked him to let him have some of his pottage, Jacob told him he would give him all the food he could eat if he would let him have his birthright.

"You can have it," said Esau. "I am almost famished with hunger, and if I were to die my birthright would be of no benefit to me."

So Esau sold Jacob his birthright for a mess of pottage. He afterwards received his father's blessing, and he became a great and good man.



## Kindergarten Department.

*Chas. B. Felt, Choirman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.*

### SUGGESTIONS ON NATURE WORK FOR THE TEACHER.

After we have discussed Mother Nature's spring house cleaning and how it is done with her several fairies, the next thing is the re-awakening of Nature. This can be brought impressively before the child by recalling the "Sleeping Time," which all nature commenced last fall. The leaves fell off the trees and left them all bare, the flowers went to sleep, some of the birds went away and all nature took her long sleep. Now is the springtime for all Nature to awaken. The little buds containing the leaves and blossoms come out on the trees, the life awakens anew in the flowers, and they open their eyes and rise up to meet the sunshine; the butterflies come out of their cocoons, the little chicks and birds wake up from their sleep in their little shell houses. All nature is glad and gay because it is the awakening time. All has new life after the pleasant rest. This is the opportune time for us, as kindergarten teachers, to teach our children that there is a hope beyond the grave, that we will arise and live once more; that the death which we speak of is not a real death,—it is only a change from one sphere to another. The body goes to sleep, but the spirit, the real part, that which causes us to see, feel and move, does not sleep, but it awakens in a far more beautiful world and is itself more beautiful.

Of course, we feel that it is unwise to dwell unnecessarily on death, because of its sadness, but even our little children know of the "going away" of some of their family or friends. They wonder how it is, and we feel that the first time a wonder comes into their minds they should be told of the beautiful hope which we have in a life after death. There is no more beautiful way to explain this change than

by comparison with the sleeping and awakening of Nature. The spirit of this change should be given to the children before the word. If they have become enthused over the awakening of Nature all around them, how simple and easy it is for them to understand the death and the resurrection of Christ and also as applied to each one of us. In the autumn the caterpillar spins around it its cocoon, which is fastened on the under side of a board, or a branch, or buried in the ground for a time. In the springtime, the time that Christ arose, it wakes up a beautiful butterfly. It lifts its wings and flies upward and outward to dwell in a more beautiful world and be very much more happy.

Just as the caterpillar wakes up more beautiful into a happier, grander world, so will our spirits wake up in heaven. The happy, beautiful life we will have in the spirit world will not compare with our former life on this earth, any more than the happy life of the butterfly compares with the life of the creeping caterpillar.

The dark brown bulb and the beautiful Easter Lily may be treated in a similar manner.

The first Sunday in April is the time, if it has not been done before, to bring some bean or pea seeds and show them to the children. Let them examine their hard shells. Then soak the seeds in water and plant them in sand or other soil, or on mosquito netting which just touches the water in the tumbler over which it has been tied. By Easter time the seeds will have burst so the children can see the life manifested which was hidden inside of the hard shell. Then cut a few branches of a fruit tree or another tree and place them in warm water. If they are kept in a warm room, the buds will swell and the blossoms or leaves will come out. This

will show the children how life awakens in what seemed to them to be dead.

#### APRIL—FIRST SUNDAY.

##### Subject—Picture Day.

As has been suggested before, the Picture Day is the day when the children tell the story which the pictures suggest to them. The pictures which are to be used this Sunday, are as follows: "The Last Supper," "The Raising of Lazarus," and "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter." (Each teacher should obtain a catalogue of Perry's Pictures from the Deseret Sunday School Union. Pictures of several sizes and for a great many of our Bible lessons can readily be obtained at a small price. Pictures are so much to us because words mean so little to small children.)

The child will express along with the facts of the story the truth which has been developed by the teacher, if the child has clearly seen the truth. If he has not gotten it, now is the teacher's opportunity to impress it upon him.

To correlate with the Nature Work the following Rest Exercise might be used—

##### THE LITTLE PLANT.

In my little garden bed,  
(Put tips of fingers together so that the two hands will make a square.)

Raked so nicely over,  
(Spread fingers and imitate rake.)

First the tiny seeds I sow,  
(Move hand as if dropping seeds.)

Then with soft earth cover.  
(Move hands back and forth on lap.)

Shining down, the great round sun  
(Encircle heads with arms.)

Smiles upon it often;

Little raindrops pattering down  
(Drum on floor with fingers.)

Help the seeds to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!

Down the roots go creeping.  
(Point fingers downward.)

Up it lifts its tiny head,

Through the brown mold peeping.  
(Raise thumb up at right angles to fingers.)

Higher and higher still it grows  
Through the summer hours,  
(Form circle with thumb and pointer of left hand and push thumb of other hand vertically through it.)

Till some happy day the buds

Open into flowers.

(Make a bell shape by putting two hands together, palms facing each other, and spreading fingers apart).

#### SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—The Death of Jesus. Text: Matt. 27:24-66; Mark 15:15-47; Luke 23:24-56; John 19:16-42; JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 128.

Aim—True greatness consists in losing self for the good of others.

(Among all the four and five year old children whom I have questioned concerning the death of Jesus, I have not been successful yet in finding one who knew the beautiful side to the story of "The Death of Christ"—that of losing self for the good of others. On the other hand, without exception, every one who knew about it at all, and the majority did, knew the horrifying side. This has convinced me absolutely that it should be given in the Kindergarten Department of the Sunday School and in giving it, the beautiful side should be emphasized. What greater thing has ever happened in this world, and what story is there that is more beautiful than the "Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ?"

It would be splendid to have a picture to impress this lesson, if a good one could be obtained. But if one which emphasizes the suffering is all that is obtainable, then let the child make his own mental picture. I have seen one with the crosses in the rear of the picture outlined in dark colors against a lighter background. Then in the foreground of the picture were the figures of the mother of Jesus and several of the apostles.

Today, I have brought a little cradle to Kindergarten with me, and I wonder who can guess whose cradle it is. No, it is not a baby's cradle nor a doll's cradle. It is quite different from

either of these, and the one who owns it is asleep in it. I have carried this cradle all the way to Kindergarten and the little sleeper hasn't awakened. If we sing one of our songs or talk loudly to it, it will not awaken today. But some day it is going to awaken. See, here it is—(show it to the children). Do you know who the little sleeper is? Yes, it is a caterpillar. It became so tired and sleepy that it made this cradle and fastened it on this branch, and then went sound asleep. It has been asleep for many nights and many days, so it is a different kind of a sleep from that we take each night, isn't it? And when this little sleeper awakes what do you suppose it will look like? Not like a caterpillar, for it will have beautifully colored wings, and will fly around among the flowers. Maybe the wings will be yellow, maybe brown or blue, or maybe they will be spotted. Yes, it will be a beautiful butterfly. Which do you think is the prettier, a caterpillar or a butterfly? I think that, too, so it is a good thing for the caterpillar to go to sleep, isn't it? I know a story about some one who took a sleep for more than one night, too. Would you like me to tell you this story?

There was once, a very long time ago when we were all up in heaven, a man named Adam, and a woman named Eve. These people did something very wrong that the Heavenly Father had told them not to do. So the Heavenly Father said, that because they had done this, their spirits could not go to Heaven after the death of their bodies. (The children should understand what our spirit is from preceding lessons.) He meant, too, that none of our spirits, nor our mamma's, nor our papa's spirits, could go to Heaven either when we died. Just think of it!

Jesus was up in Heaven, too, when God said this, and He felt very sorry about it, because He loved all the mamma's and the papa's and the children who were up there. So he told

the Heavenly Father that He would be glad to come down from Heaven and have aches and pains and bruises and even die on a cross if the Heavenly Father would only let the people's spirits come to Heaven after the death of their bodies. The Heavenly Father thought about it and then told Jesus that it would be all right for Him to come down to this earth, and die for the other people, and then when He had done this, the people's spirits could come back to Heaven again.

So God sent Jesus down to Mary and she took care of Him, until He grew to be a man. See (calling their attention to the pictures on the wall) here is the manger, where He was born, and Mary, his mother, and Joseph. Here is the picture of them going away from that naughty king. This is the carpenter shop. What is Jesus doing among all these wise men? Then, when he grew to be a man, what was it He did for the children. Yes, some are sitting on His lap. What is He doing here? Why, of course, He is praying to God to let this man's spirit come back to His body again, because His sisters feel sad. Didn't He do many kind things for people though?

And then, what do you suppose happened? Why, some wicked men came and put Him in jail and whipped Him, and wanted Him hung on a cross, and He hadn't done anything wrong, at all. A cross is two boards nailed this way (show by placing one finger at right angles with another—or by the picture of a plain cross.) In those days, when anyone had done something very, very wrong, He was punished by being hung on one of these crosses, until He died. These wicked men tried to make everybody believe that Jesus had done something very wrong, so He was taken up on a hill with two truly wicked men who had stolen things from people.

While Jesus was walking up this hill, He heard some women crying because they felt sorry for Him, so He stopped and told them not to feel bad-

ly because of what these men were doing to Him, but to take good care of themselves and their children.

And then, when they had put Him on the cross and His hands and feet were hurting Him, He tried His best not to think about Himself at all. He just prayed to God to forgive those wicked men for putting Him there. After a while a good man named John whom Jesus loved, and Jesus' own mother came to the cross. Jesus forgot about Himself again, and told John to take good care of His mother for Him. And that wasn't all, but He even tried to make one of those wicked men who was hanging on the cross beside Him, feel better, too, and this wicked man truly deserved to be punished.

Jesus was put on this cross a little while after dinner time and He was still there when it was almost time for the sun to go to sleep. All this while, some bad soldiers were standing around laughing at Him, and saying cross things to Him. And do you know, if Jesus had prayed to God for some angels to come and help Him, God would have sent them right straight down to take Jesus away from these wicked men. But even though His whole body was hurting Him, Jesus wanted to stay right there, because He loved all the children. He knew if He could just stand these aches for a while longer, then the Heavenly Father would let all the people's spirits come back up to Heaven again after their bodies died. Wasn't Jesus brave though, and didn't He do a great deal for us? And do you know the other day, I heard a little girl cry because she had been wheeling the baby's buggy back and forth until her arms and legs ached a tiny bit. Her mamma was busy cooking a good dinner for them, and she wanted the little girl to stop playing with her blocks and wheel the baby back and forth across the dining room, but she thought it made her arms ache so, that she couldn't forget about it. What do you think about that! I suppose

your arm will ache, too, tomorrow, when you wheel the baby back and forth a long time. How about it, Johnnie? (Undoubtedly the children will give some instances where they have helped someone.) If your arm ever should happen to ache a little, what do you think would be best to do?

Only once during all the time that Jesus had been on the cross, did He think about wanting something that would make Him feel better. It was quite a warm day and the soldiers who were nearby were drinking some kind of a drink that tasted something like vinegar. Jesus could see them drinking this, so what do you suppose He asked them for? One man who had a small sponge for a cork to his bottle, soaked the sponge in this drink and held it up on a stick for Jesus to drink from.

When it was almost time for the sun to go to sleep on that same day that Jesus was put on the cross, some soldiers came to look at Jesus and the other men who were on the crosses. They found that Jesus was dead, so they took His body from the cross, and some of Jesus' friends took care of it.

One man, named Joseph, had a very nice grave that he was saving for himself, but now when he found that Jesus was dead he wanted to put Jesus' body in it. The graves or tombs which the people were buried in then were not quite like our graves. This one was an opening in the side of a little hill which was in a beautiful garden. For the door to this tomb, there was a large flat rock which was quite heavy. So the people who loved Jesus wrapped His body in some clean cloth, put it in the tomb, and sprinkled all around it some spices which smelled very nice. Then they closed the big door, which was made of a stone. In a moment or two, they went away and left to sleep peacefully that dear Jesus who died for us.

(This story can be told in eight or ten minutes.)

Illustration—"The Sunbeams."

## THE SUNBEAMS.

One morning I was awakened by a soft hand passing over my face, and a sweet voice said to me. "Awake, the king is ready to start."

"Where is he going?" I asked, in astonishment.

"To the earth, of course."

"Where are we now?" I asked.

"Get up and see for yourself," the voice answered.

I opened my eyes, and as I did so I beheld a little, filmy thing, with bright eyes, peeping at me roguishly. I thought of the evening before, when I sat in the garden among the flowers and watched the sun setting in clouds of crimson and gold, and finally sinking to rest behind the purple hills.

The brilliant colors slowly faded to a delicate pink, streaked with gold from the last rays of the sun, and at last turned to a fleecy white. As I watched this lovely picture, I wished that I were a sunbeam. Imagine my surprise and joy at finding my wish granted, and that I was indeed a sunbeam.

The dress they gave me was a gauzy, golden affair, like the one my companion wore. When I was dressed, breakfast was ready, and what do you think it consisted of? It was delicious honey, gathered from the honey-suckles and from the largest and reddest roses. Our drink was nectar from the white chalice of the lily.

After breakfast, we were called into the king's presence. We found all his family assembled, and the king assigned to each his labor for the day. My mission took me to the home of a little child who had been sick for many months. And it made a thrill of pity go through me to see him hold up his thin, white hands into my warm rays. I kissed his thin face till a faint smile played over his wan features, and he said to his mother, "O! mamma, see this beautiful sunbeam. Let me catch it and keep it."

The afternoon called me to where

an old, crippled woman had been carried by her devoted son to a little porch at the back of her house, to enjoy the last rays of the setting sun. I kissed her pale face and rested lovingly upon her silvery hair.

The evening advanced and our father, having made his trip from east to west, called us home to hear the report of our labors. I was first called to make my report. I told him what I have told you, and received a smile of approbation. My companion then told what he had done. He had gone to an orchard and had by his warm kisses caused the downy cheek of the peaches to blush a vivid crimson. He said he had been cheered at his work by the song of a bumblebee as he pierced a hole in a ripe peach, and sipped the sweet juice.

One of our beautiful sisters had visited a hospital, and had danced in and out among the long rows of white beds, each containing a poor sufferer whom she cheered with her bright presence, and brought to them memories of the green woods and fair fields outside.

A golden-haired brother, intent on doing good rather than seeking his own pleasure, had made his way to a prison. He drove away the gloom from the dismal cells and brought a thought of God and of His mercy to some of the inmates. Another sunbeam sought out a violet, half hidden by her green leaves, and coaxed her to lift her modest head that the other plants and passers-by might enjoy her beauty, and breathe her sweet perfume.

One tender-hearted beam sought a battlefield, and shone with love and pity on the upturned faces of the dead and wounded soldiers.

Just at that moment, when my heart was filled with sorrow at the sad story she was telling, I felt myself being roughly shaken, and heard my brother say, "Are you going to sit out here all night and catch your death of cold?"

It was some moments before I could

realize that I was a flesh and blood girl, and not a sunbeam; and when I did, it was with a feeling of regret. But when I reflected upon it, I concluded that, though I were only a little girl, if I wanted everyone to love me I must forget about myself sometimes, and try to do some good every day and make some heart happier, and some life brighter by my kind deeds.

#### MEMORY GEM.

When the little stars peep out one by one,  
And I look far up and away,  
How beautiful to be able to whisper to God,  
I have made some one happy today.

#### THIRD SUNDAY—EASTER SUNDAY.

Subject—The Resurrection of Christ.

Text—Matt. 28. JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 131.

Aim—"There is no death: what seems so is transition."

Note—It is the custom of some of our teachers to present the children with Easter cards, colored eggs (sometimes candy ones), little chicks made of cotton, or some kind of a token to make the Easter Sunday especially impressive to the little ones. "Touch me not," by Schonherr, is a good picture illustrating the Resurrection of Christ. This picture may be obtained at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

The following is suggested as being a token which I feel would mean more to the children on Easter Sunday than any of the others suggested above. Purchase one of the small-sized pictures of "Touch Me Not," or any other one which you feel is good of "The Resurrection," from the Perry Picture Company or Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, for each child in your Kindergarten. Also purchase some mounting paper. Let each child put a bit of paste on the corners of his picture and paste it on the mounting paper. When this

is finished, let each child take his picture home.

The story with its truth will come to the child every time he looks at the picture during each day of the week. I believe this is practical for Sunday School Kindergarten children.

What is it, children, that we all like to eat on Easter Day? Some of the eggs that we have are white and some are what color? We can have so much fun with our Easter eggs can't we? What is the mother hen doing with all of those eggs she has under her, out in her nest? I wonder how the little chickens will get out of the egg shells? The mother hen helps to break the shell and some one inside helps, too. Then out steps a fluffy little chick. That shell is the house in which it has been sleeping for a while, but now it has awakened in a beautiful world. I do not know just how long the little chick sleeps in its little house before it wakes up, but I do know how long Jesus slept in that little hill we talked about last Sunday. Do you remember that He went to sleep and every one said He was dead. He died on the cross because he loved all the children so much. He wanted their little spirits to go where after they died?

May be they thought they would never see him again, so they put him in a grave or tomb and put a large rock by it for a door.

There were two very good women who had watched where Jesus had been buried. One woman's name was Mary. I wonder what good man's mother's name was Mary? And the other lady who watched where Jesus was buried had the very same name—Mary. Now we know of three Marys who knew Jesus, don't we? Well, not Jesus' mother, but the other two Mary's as soon as they had seen where Jesus had been buried, hurried home and began to fix some spices that smelled very nice, maybe they smelled even nicer than perfume smells. Af-

ter they had fixed these they went to bed. They wanted to go and put some spices by Jesus' grave, but it was too late to go that night. When they awakened on the next day it was the Sabbath day, and they couldn't go because everybody was supposed to remain quiet on that day. But the next day, they awakened very early in the morning, long before the sun awakened. And even though it was quite dark, they got their spices ready and started out to find Jesus' grave.

They knew that His grave was inside of a little hill, and that right at the place where one went inside of the hill, there was a large stone put, so no one could get into this tomb unless they could move this large stone away. All the while they were hurrying along the road they were wondering whom they could get to move this large stone away. Just before they came to Jesus' tomb, they heard a loud noise and they wondered what it was. As soon as they came right up close to the tomb, there they saw a beautiful angel with pretty white clothes on. He had come down from heaven and moved away the large stone and there he was sitting on it. The soldiers who were watching Jesus' tomb, were so frightened that they fell right down on the ground. But when these two ladies both named Mary came, the angel spoke to them, saying, "Don't be afraid, I know whom you came to see. It is Jesus, who died and was buried here. He is not here now. He has awakened again. Come with me and see where He was asleep." So the two Marys went with the angel and looked all inside of the tomb, but Jesus' body was not there. His spirit that had gone up to heaven when He died had come back again. Just think! When He died it didn't mean that He was gone never to be seen again; it meant that His Spirit, the best part of Him, that part that helped Him to see, to talk and to feel, had gone up to Heaven for a little while

and left His body down here. But after a while it was coming back again. Did you know that before, children, that our little spirits are the same? Some day when our little bodies are too tired and worn out or too sick to hold our little spirits any longer, then they will go up to heaven for a little while, just for a visit. And then some day, a long, long time from now, they will come back again. That is just the way Jesus' Spirit did, only it was gone away but three days. (Count on fingers.) This beautiful angel told the two Mary's to run quickly and tell the other people who loved Jesus, all about it. So away they ran. My! but they were happy to think that they were going to see the Jesus whom they loved, again. And right while they were hurrying so fast, Jesus met them and spoke to them, and they knelt down and prayed to Him. Wasn't that lovely!

Then Jesus said to them, "Don't be afraid but go and tell my brethren," (He meant the good men who loved Him), to go up into a mountain over this way (point in the direction of Galilee), "and there I will come and talk to them." So the two Marys told those good men all about it, and they went up into the mountain, and sure enough there was Jesus, the same Jesus who had died and awakened again.

I wonder if you could think what He told them? (Let children suggest.) And that wasn't all. He told them to go and baptize the people who wanted to do right, and then, something else. What is it that you do just before you go to sleep at night, and just as you awaken in the morning? I've brought something beautiful with me today and I'm going to let you guess what it is.

(Have an Easter lily with a thin paper around it. Let children guess what it is.)

Just see this leaf on this beautiful lily. One of the other leaves has gotten in its way and crowded it so

it couldn't grow to be the best leaf, hasn't it? Isn't that too bad! Oh, how beautiful this large lily is? It looks so pure and white, doesn't it? It couldn't look any prettier, I believe. That's just how pure and beautiful our spirits are to be when we get up in heaven. I don't want anything to get in my way to stop me from being as beautiful as this lily when I get up in heaven—do you? But leaves couldn't stop us from growing to be beautiful, could they? I know some things that could, though; they come out of our mouth's quickly sometimes when we're cross—what are they? That's just what they are. But let's lock our mouths tight when they want to come out, tomorrow or the next day, either—shall we? (Let children stand and prepare to dramatize "At Easter Time.")

Illustrations—"Spring in the Apple Tree"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 186. "The Caterpillar and the Butterfly"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 134. "The Lily Bulb"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 132.

Songs for the Month—"At Easter Time," "The Alder by the River"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 129. "The Robin and the Pussy Willow"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 75.

Note—A very good time to explain to the children that Easter Sunday is supposed to be the time that Christ arose is when the song, "At Easter Time" is being taught.

#### AT EASTER TIME.

The little flowers came through the ground,

At Easter time, at Easter time.

They raised their heads and looked around,

At happy Easter time.

And every pretty bird did say,

"Good people bless this Holy Day,

For Christ is risen, the angels say,

At happy Easter time."

The pure white lily raised its cup,  
At Easter time, at Easter time,

The crocus to the sky looked up

At happy Easter time,

"We'll hear the song of heaven," they say,

It's glory shines on us today.

Oh, may it shine on us always.

At happy Easter time."

#### THE RAINDROP SONG.

The roots and plantlets under ground,

Are glad to hear the pattering sound,

Of raindrops when they softly sing

"Wake up, wake up, 'tis spring, 'tis spring."

#### FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—"Zacharias in the Temple."

Text—Luke 1:5-20.

Aim—Implicit faith in the power of God is necessary to obtain His blessings.

Suggestions for Teacher: The priests who worked in the Temple were divided into orders or courses. One course took the Temple service for a week and then another course took it for a week, and so on. These courses consisted of several men who had specific duties to perform. Their special service was decided by lot. It was the custom to have three priests participate in the offering of incense. One's duty was to remove the ashes left there of former services. Another's was to bring a pan of hot coals and place it on the altar; a third one's duty was to sprinkle the incense on the hot coals and, while smoke ascended, offer prayer to God. The latter fell to the lot of Zacharias. This incense we may explain, was a powder which smelled sweet when it was burning.

It is believed that the people outside were praying for the same blessing that Zacharias desired. Both he and Elizabeth were righteous. They served the Lord truly and nobly, and certainly they had faith or they would not have been so earnest in their belief; they would not have continued their praying. But God wished to show Zacharias that implicit faith was needed, so He told him, he should be struck dumb. Zacharias needed a

sign, but the virgin Mary believed without a sign. What a beautiful contrast there is here—one, doubting just a little with the question, "Wherefore shall I know this?" the other firm, as she answered "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

Illustration—"Willie's Doctor"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 254.

Application—We can obtain faith by constant prayer.

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A gleam of sunshine, a dash of rain  
Is pleasant music against the pane;  
A patch of gray, a bit of blue—  
Yes, dear April, we know 'tis you.

#### FIFTH SUNDAY.

Subject—Birth of John the Baptist.  
Text—Luke 1:21-55; 57-80.

Aim—Faith in the power of God is necessary to obtain His blessings.

Suggestions for Teacher: When Zacharias came out of the Temple he was speechless; that is, according to one commentator, both deaf and dumb. The people were afraid some vengeance had come upon him, possibly for past sins committed, because he remained so long in the Temple. But they soon discovered by his motions that he had seen a vision.

All that the angel told Zacharias came true. The baby boy arrived in due time to show them that all things are possible with God.

It was the custom to name the child when it was eight days old, even though the eighth day came on the Sabbath day. Zacharias and Elizabeth now were overjoyed at this great manifestation of God's power. When the neighbors said, "Call him Zacharias," Elizabeth said, "He shall be called John," and Zacharias no more doubting the words of the angel regarding this child's great mission of preparation for the Lord, wrote, say-

ing: "His name is John." John or Johanan signifies "gracious gift," and was he not a gracious gift, not only to that family, but to all the world?

Illustration—"The Little Papa"—JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. XLV, page 35.

Application—We can obtain faith by doing our duties constantly; attending Sunday School every Sunday, etc.

Note—If the teachers feel that they cannot separate the story of the births of John the Baptist into two lessons, Naaman, the Leper—Text, II Kings 5. Kindergarten Plan Book, page 138, is suggested,—the aim to be the same as that of preceding lessons.

#### Games.

##### BIRDS FLY.

All the children stand in a circle, (if this be not possible then let them stand by their chairs). The teacher says "birds fly" and raises her arms up and down to imitate the flying movement of birds. Then she says, "robins, fly," "blue birds fly," "chairs fly," etc., each time raising her arms. The children are to raise their arms every time the teacher mentions the name of something that flies. But when the teacher mentions the name of something that does not fly the children who raise their arms are caught and must stand in the center. Continue this until all are caught.

(This little game develops the muscles of the arms and shoulders, besides resting the whole body. It keeps the child wide awake to what is going on about him, quickens the perceptive power, develops accuracy in hearing, and helps him in absolute control of his muscles. It is also in keeping with the season's work.)

Another game similar to this, for exercising only the muscles of the lower half of the body is found on page 423, Vol. XLV of JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.



## The Pronghorned Antelope.

(*Antilocapra Americana*.)

By *Claude T. Barnes, M. S. P. R ; M. A. O. U.; M. B. S. W.*

Swift as an arrow and as graceful as Hyperion, the Pronghorned Antelope is truly the Ladas of the woods, the fleetest animal of the wilds. Elegance, too, is its natural attribute, for its delicate shape is second only to its wondrously beautiful eyes. No observer of animal life in the semi-arid stretches of the West can fail to be impressed with its singular qualities.

In some districts the Pronghorned Antelope is called "Prongbuck," "Cabrit" or "Cabric," the two last being probably Basque corruptions of the Spanish "Cabra," goat.\*

The family *antilopidae*, to which the antelope belongs, is unique as it includes varieties of giraffes, goats and deer. The one species found in North America, the antelope, has two

hoofs on each foot like those of a giraffe, a system of smell-glands and a gall bladder like those of a goat, and a coat of hair like that of a deer with an undercoat of wool. Its branched horns are hollow, with a bony core, and shed each year.

A large antelope buck stands  $37\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the shoulder and, including head and body, is about  $47\frac{3}{4}$  inches long, with a tail of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The weight of such a specimen is nearly 100 pounds, though the females are not only lighter in color but smaller in size. The male is a rich tan with white on the sides of the face, nape of neck, base of ears, throat, breast, belly, rump and inside of limbs. The upper muzzle, a patch under each ear, the eyes, horns, hoofs, and at times the mane, are black. The young are grayish brown with a faint suggestion of the adult pattern.

Antelopes were first discovered by

\*Native names are: Cree Indians: "Ah-pi-chee-ah-tik;" Yankton Sioux: "Tah-chah-chus-cheen-ah;" Ogallala Sioux: "Tah-heen-cha-san-la."

Jacques Cartier in 1540 near Kansas; Coronado probably saw them and Hernandez described them in 1651. Their present range includes Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, Northern Mexico, and Lower California.

A level stretch of open country two miles across seems sufficient for an antelope's individual range; and if the winters are mild and enemies scarce, the patch is apt to be made the permanent residence. In eastern Utah, when the snow flies, antelopes congregate in the sheltered valleys of the Rockies.

Conservative estimates from reliable data place the number of antelopes, which originally inhabited this continent, at 75,000,000; but though their range is not materially reduced, there are probably not over 100,000 alive today. In early frontier days they undoubtedly outnumbered the buffalo. In 1875 bands of 3,000 were frequently seen; and they were still plentiful in Utah in 1879. At that time one could see 9,000 in a day in the Dakotas; and it is reliably recorded that the Indians of North Park, California, killed over 4,400 on one "surround" or hunting trip in 1868. In 1896 there were 1,000 in Yellowstone Park. So accurate an authority as Major Pond says that he saw in one colossal band between Denver and Cheyenne in 1868, two million antelopes at one time. They were huddled together for warmth, a band 10 or 12 miles long, "20 to 40 rods wide." "Their numbers changed the color of the country.

The horns of the antelope are shed each year—a fact discovered by Rufus B. Sage in 1841. The largest horns on record are owned by E. S. Dodge of Arcadia Ranch, Arizona; they are  $17\frac{3}{4}$  inches around the curve and have a spread of 15 inches, whereas 12 is considered a good size. Freak horns, which point downward, are sometimes seen.

The buttocks of each antelope are

white; and the hair can be raised at will. This discograph, when raised, shines in the sun like a tin pan. They form a signal of danger—a heliograph in nature—and give warning to other antelopes afar. From glands in the center of each hair disc is issued in times of danger a musk which so scents the air that other antelopes can scent it actually for miles, and thus avoid the wolf or whatever incited it.

Many animals have scent glands: the peccary has one on its back; a deer, one on its hock and another in each foot; and a goat has several about the head. The antelope has all of them, and issues one scent for danger, another for friends' guidance and so on.

The voice of the mother antelope to her kid is a querulous, grunting bleat, though the adults of both sexes give shrill whistles or snorts of alarm, and short barks of curiosity. The kid utters a bleat or squeak.

The seraphic eyes of the antelope are larger and probably milder than those of any other animal of the same size. The poor creatures actually shed tears when in terror or despair.

The antelope is the only North American horned ruminant with two hoofs on each foot; in fact, throughout the animal world, the fewer the hoofs the fleetest the runner. A horse has but one hoof and is, therefore, the swiftest of the animal kingdom. The best known records for one mile, of various animals, are at the rate of the following number of miles per hour: horse, 34; antelope, 32; greyhound, 30; jack rabbit, 28; fox, 26; coyote, 24; foxhound, 22; grey wolf, 20; and man, 21.

Antelopes are so curious that hunters used to "toll" them by waving handkerchiefs; but they are too wary now.

Being creatures of the dry plains, antelopes live on grass, cactus and sage, but they never browse on twigs and leaves, nor eat acorns. On the desert of Arizona they probably do

not drink, depending on the moisture of cactus pulp.

Domestication of antelopes is difficult; in fact adults are irreclaimable. Enteritis soon kills the domesticated animal, anyhow.

Among the antelope's enemies are: sheep, which eat away the winter range; coyotes, which form relays to chase them down; deep snow, and the repeating rifle. Eagles also destroy the young kids.

The young, usually two, are born late in May. The little fellows, when two weeks old, follow the mother, but lie perfectly still at a signal from her. Flies cannot even make them wink at

such times. The mother darts about to decoy the enemy but will not hesitate to hurl a coyote head over heels if attack becomes actually necessary.

In September great bands are formed and later the bucks begin their fighting. One thrust of the curved horn may slash a throat if not caught in the horn fork of the opposing combatant. At such times the eagle soars with anxious eye awaiting the fall of the vanquished; and, strange to say, a defeated antelope will not hesitate to run to the camp of man to avoid a death more certain and terrible. Such are the tragedies enacted in nature's wilds.

## The Arab and His Religion.

*By J. M. Tanner.*

### II.

"He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." These words were the characterization of the angel who spoke of Ishmael and his descendants. Have these words proven true? The opportunities given us to gaze into the early centuries of Arab history reveal the hopelessness of every effort put forth by the great nations of the world to bring the Arabs into subjection. These restless children of the deserts have no fixed abodes; they were here today and there tomorrow—folded their tents and disappeared like the clouds of the heavens. They were troublesome, often given to plunder and robbery. The nations of antiquity felt the constant torment of Arab invasion and of the Arab's predatory warfare. The modern Bedouin in his restless roving, unbridled life, is typical of his race—no doubt a true representative of his ancient people. The Arab has never lived on terms of peace with his neighbor. As for the nations which pro-

claimed Arabia as a part of their territory, they have been sorely tried and disappointed. Nobody today in all the Turkish dominion gives the Sultan so much trouble and heartfelt anxiety as his Arab subjects, who chafe under restraint and interference of governmental regulations.

The traveler who lands at some eastern port of the Mediterranean and comes in contact for the first time with the Arab boat-man, discovers to his chagrin the annoying, persistent and aggressive solicitation of these rude people. They jostle humanity wherever their touch is felt. They are cunning and alert; often deceptive and generally quarrelsome. Their contact with Christian life has done nothing to change or modify the peculiar truth of the angel's first characterization.

The Arabs do not mind any social disturbances among themselves. They are quick to anger, but usually they are readily pacified; very impulsive by nature and are sometimes called the Italians of the Orient. I have watched their peculiar conduct in the presence of foreigners who resist them

and resent their rude interference. They are perhaps of all the people in the world the most unlike themselves. What I mean to convey by this: an Arab one minute will become wholly unlike he was the minute before, or is likely to be the moment after. From a state of frenzied anger or violent agitation he may subside into the most perfect quiescent attitude imaginable. He is truly the creature of his impulses. The story of the manner in which Islam, his religion, took hold of so peculiar a human being, is full of interest and is often fascinating. The Arab religion was made for that peculiar quality of mind and quality of heart which characterize the Mohammedan world.

The ancient Arabs like their Egyptian neighbors on the west and the Assyrian nations on the east were given to idolatry. Indeed, the worship of many gods was the religion practically of the entire world, excepting Jews and Christians. In earlier times even the Jews relapsed into idol worship. There is, however, in the Arab's vein the blood of Abraham, and therefore a kinship to ancient Israel. By reason of this peculiar relation there was perhaps a stronger feeling for friendship for both Jew and Christian when Mohammed came than for any other nationality. It is not unlikely that the Arab often found the strongest incentives for adopting the Jewish faith.

When Judaism and Christianity might have been most helpful in lifting the Arabs out of their idolatrous superstitions wherever they came in contact with each other, Judaism grew hard, unrelenting and severe in its dis-

cipline. Christianity was apostate in its spirit and aims. The fruits of these venerable religions were really nothing enticing to the Arab's, who, during the sixth and seventh centuries, came more or less in contact with the Jew and his religion. But there was a kinship between the Jew and the Arab and writers now often speak of three classes of Jews: the Polish, the Spanish, and the Arab Jew. While this classification has really to do with the languages of the Jews, there is something about the so-called Arabic Jew who speaks the Arabic language, that makes him in appearance, manners and habit similar to the native Arab. One who travels throughout Syria often mistakes a native Jew for an Arab.

To the Mohammedan there was nothing inviting in the religious association of Jew or Christian, when they came to preach their religion to the Arab. Whatever writers may think about the early tendency of Mohammed to accept the Jewish faith, it is very doubtful, one may say altogether unlikely, that he could have done so. The Arab's mind is so different, his habits, his moral nature, his mental conception so unlike the Jewish mode of thought that it is difficult to see how the two in the past could be united in one common relation. What might have been is the simplest speculation. The fact stands out in bold letters, that the Arab has his Koran and the Jew his Bible. In the two books may be seen some kinship, a kinship perhaps quite natural when we consider that both races sprang from one common ancestor.

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life, repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence, exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a childlike trust in God.—John H. Vincent.

## GEMS FROM THE LIVING ORACLES.

### THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALE.

There's a mountain named Stern Justice,  
Tall and towering, gloomy, grand,  
Frowning o'er a vale called Mercy,  
Loveliest in all the land.

Great and mighty is the mountain  
But its snowy crags are cold,  
And in vain the sunlight lingers  
On the summit proud and bold.

There is warmth within the valley,  
And I love to wander there,  
'Mid the fountains and the flowers,  
Breathing fragrance on the air.

Much I love the solemn mountain,  
It doth meet my somber mood  
When, amid the muttering thunders,  
O'er my soul the storm-clouds brood.

But when tears, like rain, have fallen  
From the fountain of my woe,  
And my soul has lost its fierceness,  
Straight unto the vale I go;

Where the landscape, gently smiling,  
O'er my heart pours healing balm,  
And, as oil on troubled waters,  
Brings from out its storm a calm.

Yes, I love both vale and mountain,  
Ne'er from either would I part;  
Each unto my heart is needful,  
Both are dear unto my heart.

For the smiling vale doth soften  
All the rugged steep makes sad,  
And from icy rocks meander  
Rills that make the valley glad.

—ORSON F. WHITNEY.



## Piney Ridge Cottage.

### The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

*By Nephi Anderson.*

It does sometimes rain during the summer in America's arid region; and that morning as Julia and her father were driving across the Flat, the clouds hung low, and rumblings of thunder came from the west; but it seemed no easy task for the clouds to let go their moisture, for there was a lot of fuss in the sky before the rain actually came.

The school that Julia was to visit was the latest to be set in operation in the county. Two years before, half a dozen ranchers had petitioned the county commissioners for a separate district, and one that would extend to the railroad so that they might have some valuable property to tax. The request was granted. Trustees were appointed until the next election, and they set to work. But where to build the schoolhouse was the question. It was fifteen miles between the two ranchers who had most of the children. The dry sage-brush flat lay between. To build it near either of these would compel the others to travel the whole distance across the district. About midway, a spur from the bench-land extended on to the flat. There was a small spring of water at the

foot of the hill, and here—not near the spring, but on the high and dry hill—the schoolhouse was built. It was made of logs smoothed on the inside, the chinks filled with plaster. The roof was laid with slabs, the rough surface being up, which was covered with clay. There were two windows and a door. The floor was of planed lumber. The room was furnished with a dozen second-hand desks; three large charts that the school-supply agent had convinced the trustees were indispensable; a piece of blackboard, three by six feet; two maps; a rusty stove, not now in use, therefore placed in a corner; a box of crayons; six erasers, made by one of the trustees from a sheep's skin; a water-bucket, and a tin dipper. But the most wonderful piece of furniture in the room was a tellurion, a machine made of wheels and balls and cranks, meant to illustrate the movements of the heavenly bodies. The moon had fallen out of its orbit because the arm that held it had been broken. The earth showed a big hole in its pasteboard side, where the North Pole is supposed to be; but the prospect of these calamities had not worried the energetic agent who had taken the

trustee's note for the price of this section of the solar system.

Julia and her father found school already in session. Horses stood tied to posts and wagons, some eating hay, others standing in lazy dejection. The visitors fastened their horses, and went in. Miss Jones received them graciously, while the dozen children stared in open-mouthed wonder. The scholars were having a lesson in penmanship; incidentally, they were also to learn wisdom from one of Solomon's sayings, engraved at the top of the copy book. This the pupils were copying, and Julia noted that the penmanship got poorer in proportion to the distance traveled down the page and away from the perfect copy. They ought to see the perfect copy every time, she thought.

At the noon recess, Miss Jones spoke freely about the school, and what Julia would meet as helps and hindrances. "The children are as good as they can be," she said, "and I think you will get along. Be firm with them from the first—if you wish to be lenient, you'll have plenty of time for that; but establish your rule from the first. The great drawback here is the equipment, but we understand this is a beginning, and conditions will improve."

Julia asked if she had some books on teaching which she could be studying.

"Yes; here is 'The Art of Teaching,' a good book, and helpful, and also Hughes' 'Mistakes in Teaching.'" Hugh Elston examined them, then said:

"She'll want to know what to do at the first, and not what not to do. This book on mistakes will be better for her after a few weeks."

"I'll make mistakes enough I suppose," said Julia. "I fear I'll make a poor teacher."

"Not at all," corrected Miss Jones. "I think you'll make a good one, and that's what I told Mr. Sanders."

"Thank you," replied Julia, "I'll do my best."

They drove home again before school closed. Julia took the borrowed books with her and read diligently. She was surprised how interesting such prosy subjects became where there was an immediate and pressing need for them.

Having finished its elaborate preparations, the rain now began to fall, gently at first, and then with stronger swishes of wind. The covers of the wagon were fastened, and Julia had to close her book. The horses were urged to quicker pace, and the mud flew from the wagon wheels.

"I'm glad I finished the potato patch yesterday," said Mr. Elston. "This rain will be fine for the crops. By the way, who was that man at the graveyard last evening?"

Julia looked at her father, reddening just a trifle; but the father had no other purpose by the question than mere information.

"He was a stranger, so he said, looking after land. He came upon me so suddenly that he frightened me, or rather I was so absorbed in a story I was reading, that he might have been standing looking at me for some time."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"No; he had no occasion. He was very nice,—an educated man from the East, I should judge. He asked who lived at Piney Ridge, and ever so many questions about us—"

"Which you answered."

"Oh, no, father, not all. He said we had a very pretty place, and of course, I agreed with him.—Isn't Miss Jones a nice lady?"

"Julia," said her father, ignoring the last question, "I hope you will always remember what I so often have told you, to beware of strangers that come to this country. All, of course, are not adventurers, but many are, and when they discover you, a girl with much refinement, out here amid a wild country, they become interested and inquisitive. I don't blame them, of

course, but I am talking thus plainly to you, as you know, I always do."

"Well, father, you must think,"—she began, and then checked herself. "I just spoke to him decently. That was all. I shall remember what you say."

She cuddled close to her father, perhaps to get away from the rain which beat in on her side of the wagon. His arm went around her, and they rode along in silence. A drop trickled down her brown cheek, which could not have been from the rain, as she was well protected from that.

While Hugh and Julia Elston were driving over the Flat towards Piney Ridge Cottage that afternoon, the young man whom Julia had met at the grave-yard was sitting in the railroad station at Croft. The train for which he was waiting was late. He was the only prospective passenger, and he walked impatiently back and forth from the door on one side to the window on the other, looking at the rain and then up the track.

"I thought it never rained in this country," he remarked to the station master, who sat in the office, heels on table, pipe in mouth, reading a newspaper. There was no answer. Then the would-be traveler opened his grip, took from it a tab of paper, made a desk of the low window-sill, and wrote:

*My Dear Mother:—*

As I have an hour yet—perhaps two—to wait for my train here in the dirty little station of Croft, I will tell you a little of my doings and findings.

Mr. Elston is still alive and well. I had no difficulty in finding him. He lives with an only daughter now about nineteen years old, fifteen miles from this station, away across a big valley where nothing as yet grows but sage-brush. I rode out there yesterday, and stayed around "looking for land" until today. Mr. Elston's house is known as Piney Ridge Cottage, and I must say I was surprised—nay, astonished at what I saw. He has a very neat house—I did not get inside—surrounded by gardens and fields. His spring of water coming from the hillside just above his house is

very valuable, I am told. This water would irrigate much more land than he has under cultivation, but I understand that he has all he can take care of. I was captivated with the place. After traveling for miles and miles through a dry desert-looking country, to come thus suddenly on an oasis in the desert was a pleasant surprise. It is wonderful, with its air of silence, of loneliness, of rest from the spirit of fretfulness, away from the vulgar, jostling crowd of the big, noisy, dirty, ugly city. The money value of the place I don't think would be much—not yet. When the country becomes more developed this spot will, no doubt become more valuable, but that may be many years yet. There are no immediate prospects of any great rise in values out here.

I did not get to speak to Mr. Elston—I did not try; but I had a number of fairly good looks at him. He is aging rapidly, I should say, as his beard which he wears full, and his hair are getting gray. He is held in good repute by the ranchers in this part.

His daughter—her name is Julia, I learned—is not what one would call a beautiful girl, but there is something about her that is attractive. She is as brown as a berry, naturally so, I should judge. I came across her quite accidentally. She was sitting behind some bushes in a small cemetery not far from her home. Here I learned her mother is buried. She died some years ago. The girl was reading a copy of *The Ladies' Home Journal*—who would have thought to find that out here. Well, the class of literature she reads gives an idea of what the girl is herself. If I remember right you said Mr. Elston was a great reader, and I suppose he has trained his daughter along that line also.

The trains out here can never be depended upon. It is raining hard now. I am going to Salt Lake where I shall have to get some legal advice. The marriage relation as you know is sometimes a mighty complicated thing out here, and I had better see just what can be done before you make any definite move. I shall write you again from Salt Lake.

Later.—The train is still delayed—I have a half hour yet, to wait, so the grouchy agent just told me. This waiting wouldn't be so tiresome if I were out at Piney Ridge Cottage. I imagine it is neat and cosy inside—I mean to see it on my next visit. It has just occurred to me that there might be another and an easier way for us to accomplish the business in hand. I'll tell you more about that as things develop. Julia is a mighty attractive girl, quite different from the average out here. Well, you see, dear mother, I get around to the girls again—this is only a hint. Well, the agent has taken his heels from the table,

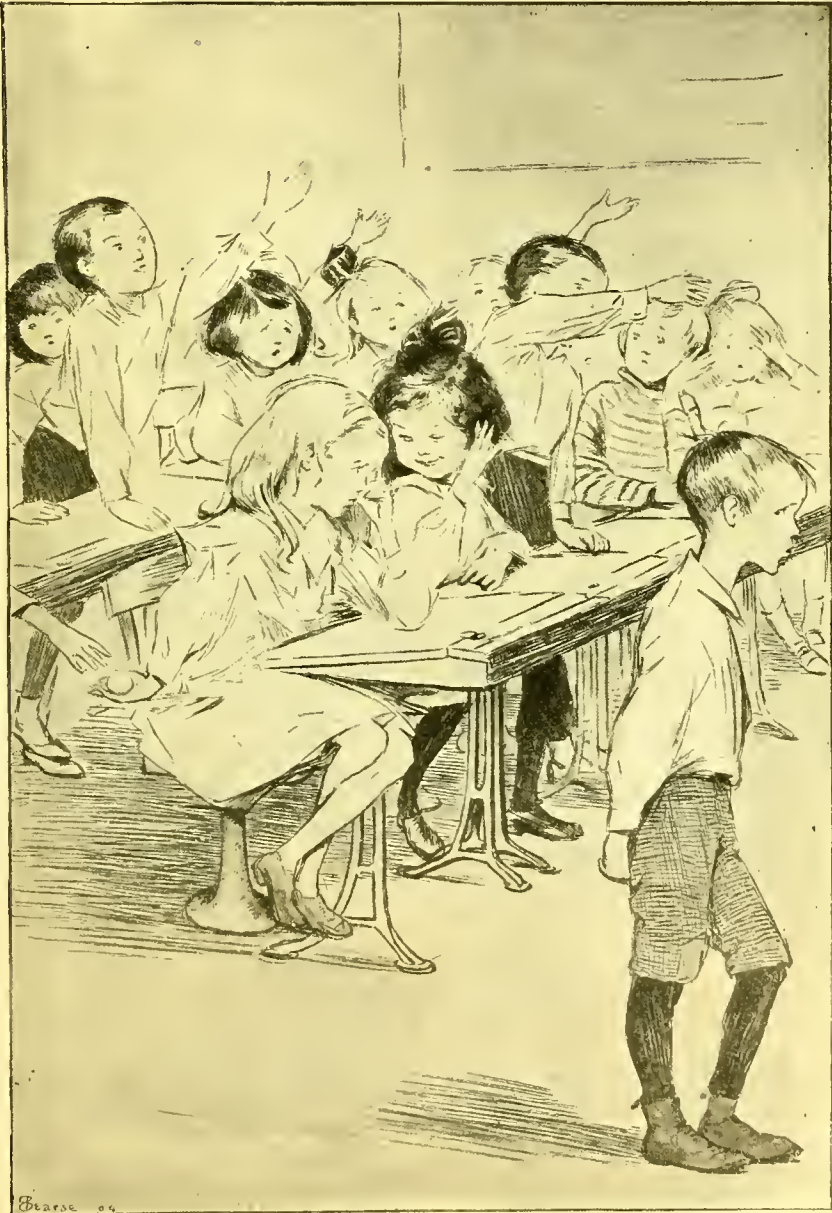
and I suppose that is an indication that the train is coming.

Yours affectionately,  
CHESTER.

IV.

Julia Elston had been a teacher for a week, and these first five days were among the most wonderful of her

young life: full of experiences, new and strange, everyday bringing some test of her skill, drawing from her some hidden power, bringing trial and heart-breaking discouragement, intermingled with periods of great joy. She had fourteen pupils, the youngest



"These children were of the average healthy, mischief-making kind."

eight, the oldest thirteen. These children were of the average, healthy mischief-making kind, who on some days, tested the teacher's disciplinary powers to the utmost. The boys and girls drove in wagons or rode on horseback to and from school each day, and the school-yard had the appearance of a camp ground. For the first few days Julia rode with the Sanders' children, but as they had to drive out of their way for her, her father repaired a cart in which she drove her own pony back and forth.

As everything, to be known, must have a name, so had Julia's school. As this naming had been the course of much anxious deliberation and discussion, it might be well to give an account of it here.

When the new district had been created, the county commissioners had asked the trustees what name they wanted it called. Immediately the trustees had a meeting to discuss this problem. Brother Sanders was chairman of the board, and he, by right of his office, presented the question formally to the meeting.

"We hadn't thought of the name before," he said, "but I can see now that it's a mighty important matter. I've been thinkin' about it some, and the more I think about it the more important it gets. The name we give to this here district will in time be the name given to the church ward, and later to the town, when one is built; so the name will go down to our posterity. Have any of you thought of a name?"

Trustee Johnson hadn't thought of any; Trustee Turchi remarked that "most of the places round here are named after some creek—there's Bear Creek, an' Muddy Creek, an' Rocky Creek, an a lot more. How'd Cub Creek do for ours?"

But where's the creek?" asked Trustee Johnson.

"An' where's the cub?" added Chairman Sanders.

Trustee Turchi did not know, though he had himself seen a cub bear

on the point where they were to build the schoolhouse.

"How does Cub Point sound?" asked Trustee Johnson.

"Oh, no," answered the chairman, "that won't do. Let's see, there's that spring under the hill, what do we call it?"

"'Tisn't big enough to have a name," remarked Trustee Turchi.

"If Piney Ridge came in our district," said Trustee Sanders—"but it don't."

The meeting closed without coming to any conclusion, and it was not until the second meeting of the board that they decided to name the district and the schoolhouse after the oldest settler. The creeks and springs and points lost out to the commonplace name of Thompson.

So Julia was the teacher at Thompson. For a week the trustees did not visit the school; for Trustee Sanders suggested she work out her own salvation without the fear and trembling which would naturally follow a visit from the board of trustees. And Julia was glad that she had no visitors. The second week the county superintendent came suddenly to Thompson. When he stepped unannounced into the door, Julia became numb with fear. But he soon put her at her ease again, and before his visit was over, she had received from him new light and much help and encouragement. He took charge of the beginners class and gave her a practical lesson on how to teach reading. She was drilling the children on their a, b, c's, but he showed her there was a better and more logical way by teaching whole words and sentences from the first. Quick to see the point, Julia understood and was delighted with the success which followed her own efforts in that line. The superintendent promised to send her some books on modern methods that would help her.

The third Monday the trustees visited the school in a body. Julia was not timid, knowing she had the children well in hand, and she thought she was

doing fairly well with them. The visitors looked and listened with interest and just before the noon recess, Trustee Sanders spoke to the children on the advantages they were having compared to what their parents had enjoyed. He hoped they would study hard, and learn their lessons well. He had been pleased with the lessons; he hadn't heard any arithmetic—arithmetic was mighty important, specially for the boys. "Now, what boy can say the multiplication table?" A number could. "That's fine. This boy say the sixes." The boy did so. "Now say 'em backwards." The boy couldn't. "It's important that you learn them any ways, 'cause, you see you never know how they will come in use. I'll bet this little girl can say her letters right off. Can you? Come and show us." The little girl shook her head. "But I heard you read—about a little bird in the tree. How is it you can read, and you don't know your a, b, c's?"

"Teacher don't learn 'em to us," she answered.

Trustee Sanders turned to the teacher enquiringly, but she only smiled in reply. The other visitors did not care to speak, so school was dismissed. The children marched out orderly, "even an improvement on Miss Jones' way," one of the officials remarked.

But Trustee Sanders looked with suspicion on teaching children to read, without their knowing the alphabet. "In the first place, I don't see how it can be done," he declared. "Why, they've got to know the letters or how can they read. That's the way we learned, isn't it?"

"That's the way, it seems to me, too," agreed the second man, while the third remarked, "But the little girl did read, didn't she?" So the puzzle grew, and the chairman decided in his own mind that this remarkable thing was a subject for further investigation.

Julia took her school problems to her father, and together they worked them out.

She found her father a great help. Many an evening she would come home discouraged only to receive renewed strength, new ideas, new life from him. At first he had relieved her of her outdoor duties, but after the first week she had requested that she be permitted to milk, at least, each evening.

"But you are tired," he said.

"Yes, but in a different way," she explained. "I want to do something with my hands, to rest my brains, I suppose. You don't know how the ideas for the morrow's work dance around in the foam of the milk-pail when I stick my head in Bossie's flank."

Her father laughed at her, and readily said she could milk, knowing that there was wisdom in her ways.

The evening following the trustees' visit, Julia and her father sat by the shaded lamp. She told him what had occurred.

"I'm afraid they don't think I'm doing right in my beginners' reading," she said. "Brother Sanders, I am sure, thought it strange. I had some busy work for my first reader class and I heard Brother Johnson ask one of the girls if she didn't have a book so that she could study her lesson. They thought the class was just playing and wasting their time."

"Well," said the father, "they don't understand. They mean well. You'll have to have patience with them, as they have patience with you."

"Patience and good temper. Yes, they go together. I find that a teacher must have both, and my stock, as you know, is never very large."

"It's increasing."

"I'm glad you think so. I try hard enough—and I know it's best. Only yesterday I lost my temper, and boxed a boy's ears. I was sorry for it afterwards and I saw plainly that I had made a mistake. Oh, the boy deserved it, all right, but I'm beginning to learn that there are other and better ways of punishing."

As a whole, the days went very pleasantly with the young school-teacher. The morning air was usually fresh and cool. The road was not traveled enough to be dusty, and rabbits and sometimes coyotes kept her company. The log walls and clay roof of the school-house prevented the room from becoming too warm. Often at noon, the whole school took their lunches down to the spring where there was a little grass and a few willows. After eating, they played games and "teacher" took part as eagerly as the rest. The trustees had cleaned out the spring, made a box and a spout so that cattle would not tread it in. The boys especially made the spring their play ground, and they soon had an elaborate system of irrigation laid out. The tiny stream was led into tinier canals, the main one being two inches wide at the bottom, and reaching at least twenty feet. From this, branch ditches were led by great engineering skill around some steep banks, three feet high, to the level upland. When the school water-pail was filled from the spring, the whole system became dry, but if the pupils were not very thirsty, and the spring, therefore, not drawn on too heavily, a beautiful little stream would glide around the curves at the bank, and then spread out over a wheat field, which the boys had planted, to the distance of at least three feet. Woe to the boy or girl who carelessly stepped on this precious toy, made from that most beautiful thing to the desert children—flowing water!

Julia had one or two lazy boys, and a number of mischievous ones; and she soon discovered that she had to adopt various methods of treatment. Each boy took turns day about in being "water master"—that is, in seeing that the water-pail was not allowed to remain empty. She created a rivalry to see which of the boys could bring a pail of water from the spring in the least time. Whenever the "water master" took the bucket, Julia hung the

little clock in full view of the school. Then she marked on the board the exact time of departure and the minute he again stepped into the door. At first the boys did not hurry, but when the element of competition grew stronger the time was lessened materially. The laziest boy had been purposely left to the last turn, and when the day came for him to be "water master" the record was, in the opinion of many, unbreakable. At least, slow-moving Tommy couldn't touch it. But Julia smiled on Tommy that morning and said to him, in a low confidential tone, "Break the record!" and Tommy smiled back. Not one in that school knew that Tommy had been practicing for a week at home in running with a full water-bucket. The teacher placed the clock as usual and marked the time. The school settled for a long wait, but before they were aware of it, the "water master" for the day was back with the water, which he placed with a bang on the bench. Julia marked the returning time, made a quick calculation, and then announced, "Tommy has beaten the record, and is champion water carrier—who said he was lazy!"

And Tommy was loudly applauded as he took his seat.

Another of the "lazy" boys was a great rabbit hunter. He boasted that he could easily bag ten rabbits in a day. He would never think of coming home without that number, that is, if the weather was fair, and he had a good gun and plenty of ammunition. Henry's spelling lesson consisted of twenty words each day; but he never could spell more than half of them, try as the teacher would to get him to believe otherwise. "They're too hard—I can't do it," he whined.

One day Henry was kept in. His spelling had been worse than usual, and he knew what was coming. He would have to write those abominable words over at least six times and then spell them orally to the teacher. He was the only one kept in. He got out

his speller, pencil, and note-book, ready for work; but the teacher went on with her board cleaning, saying nothing to him. Presently, she turned to him with a smile—he never dreamed what preparatory effort that smile had demanded.

"Henry, you're a pretty good rabbit hunter, aren't you?" she asked.

"Huh, huh—yes, ma'am," he corrected.

"You can bring home ten every night, if you have half a chance—that is if the weather is fine, your gun is all right, and your ammunition doesn't give out?"

"I think so."

"It would be a pretty lazy day's work if, everything being favorable, you should bring home only five rabbits."

"You bet it would."

The teacher looked steadily at him, still smiling. "The weather is fine today, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the astonished boy.

"Nothing the matter with your spelling book, is there—lesson isn't torn out or anything like that?"

"I guess not."

"And your eye-sight's good—that is, you can see all right, and you haven't got the headache, have you?"

"No, ma'am."

"All right, Henry. Now go home, and think about it."

The boy walked out in a sort of daze which did not pass until he nearly reached home. Then it dawned on him what she meant. There was an improvement in his spelling lessons.

As the weeks passed, Trustee Sanders became very much concerned about the new teacher. Had they not made a mistake? He had no children learning to read in his family, so he visited some of his neighbors. His worse fears were realized. Little Jennie Smith could read from a book, and yet she could not repeat the alphabet. Jennie's mother had not known this until Trustee Sanders called her attention to it. One of the

older children was present at the examination, and he remarked that he had learned to read the same way. By further enquiry it was discovered that Miss Jones had taught reading by the same method; then the surprise grew. "Did Miss Jones allow the children to play in school with paper and sticks?" Not so much as Miss Elston. The evil was growing! The board decided to pay the school another official visit.\*

The afternoon that the trustees were to visit the school, Julia was worrying through a geography lesson. It was hot and close within the school room. It seemed impossible to arouse an interest in the natural divisions of land and water. How could she make them understand what lakes, and bays, and oceans were when some of them had never seen more water than would make a trickling irrigation stream. Then a happy thought came to the teacher. They would all go down to the spring and there in miniature make the capes and islands and peninsulas. In a few minutes the whole school clattered eagerly down the hill, and were soon, under the teacher's direction, making some beautiful natural divisions of land and water.

The trustees, in serious mood, drove up to the school house, tied their horses, and went in. Not a child was to be seen. What was the matter? It was not recess time, and school had

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\*It must not be forgotten that these men were pioneers in a new country, some of them sons of pioneers. In this matter of schooling they did the best they could. They had been deprived, to a large extent, of the learning found in books, so they were eager to have their children obtain that which they or their parents did not have very much of. It was by considerable sacrifice that the crude beginning was made. However, conditions did not remain long as at first. Advancement made rapid strides. New and more comfortable school houses were built, even while the settlers still lived under clay roofs. Better teachers were procured. Then came consolidation, and better grading, better supervision, until now those same schools are the equal of any in the country.

not been dismissed, for there were books and dinner pails, and the teacher's hat. As they listened in the stillness they heard the faint sound of children's voices from down the hill. The trustees went out, and sure enough, there was the whole school down by the spring. The official faces became graver still. "Let us go down and see what they are up to," said the chairman.

The children were so absorbed in what they were doing that they did not see the trustees until they were nearly upon them. Julia was bending over a small pond of water in the middle of which she was molding an island. Her hands were in the mud, streaks of which extended to her elbows.

"Here's the trustees," someone whispered.

Julia straightened, her hands dripping with dirty water. She couldn't even push back her tousled hair, so she had to stand in embarrassed expectancy.

"Well," began Trustee Sanders, "what do you think you're doin'?"

"We're having a lesson in geography," she replied.

"G'ography! Huh! It seems to me yer makin' mud pies." The trustee was angry. "Why aren't ye in school, studyin' yer lessons?"

Julia controlled herself well. "Oh," she explained, "this is a part of our lesson—but we're through now. Come, boys and girls. We'll go back to school. The trustees have come to see us."

So they reluctantly washed their hands, and then marched slowly back to school. The trustees followed. With a big foot one of them unconsciously destroyed a beautifully built flume which led the water in the main canal across a deep crack. Another foot made deep marks in the wheat field. The trustees did not know what ruin they were making, but as they walked slowly up the hill, they looked with deep concern at each other.

"This is *the* limit," said the chairman. "I fear we must get another teacher."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A MUTUAL SURPRISE.



## Children's Story Time.

### Mother's Little Man.

*By Annie Malin.*

Little Nellie looked out of the dining-room window with a frown on her face which spoiled its beauty dreadfully, for whoever heard tell of a beautiful face which wore a frown?

Jackie stood beside her with his nose pressed flat against the window-pane, but though Jackie's nose might have been in danger of remaining flat, there was no frown upon his face; instead, there was a smile upon it, but then, Jackie had not received a tiny envelope containing an invitation to Mattie's birthday party.

So the two children stood looking out of the window, and outside it rained and rained. Finally, Nellie said impatiently, "I don't see why it has to rain on Mattie's birthday, anyway," and she winked her eye-lids very fast to keep back the tears. "It just likes to spoil my fun."

"Just as if it knows anything about the party!" said Jackie, scornfully. "It just rains because it has to rain."

Just then mother came into the room, and her face was as sunny as it could be, and she was singing softly, something about the sun and the flowers of spring, and as she crossed the room to look out of the window,

the tears which Nellie had tried so hard to wink back, fell on the window-sill with a spash.

"Oh, dear!" said mother mournfully. "if it is going to rain inside the house as well as outside, whatever shall we do?"

"Nellie's tears fell faster than ever. "Mother," said Jackie presently, "can't she go if I take the big umbrella?"

Mother considered a moment before replying. "I am afraid you are not strong enough to hold it Jackie, the wind is quite strong."

"Oh, yes he is," cried Nellie, eagerly, "please let me go, mother."

"It is a long walk," reminded mother.

"But Bobbie carries his mother's umbrella," said Jackie, and I'm 'most as big as he is," and Jackie squared his little shoulders comically.

"If I could leave baby I'd go myself," said mother, "but I am afraid to do that."

At last she decided to let the children have their way, and soon Nellie was smiling instead of frowning.

At the proper time they started, Jackie proudly holding the big umbrella over his little sister. Mother watched them until they had turned the corner, smiling to see her little Jackie as he manfully held on to the umbrella, for the wind came in strong gusts.

"I am afraid it is almost too much for the little fellow," she thought more than once, as she went about her work.

The children walked along for the first two blocks chatting pleasantly until a stronger gust nearly twisted the umbrella out of the little boy's hands.

"What if it should get away from you," asked Nellie.

"I won't let it get away," was the answer. And Jackie tightened his grip upon the handle. "You know mother said to hang on to it whatever happened."

Just as they reached the corner of the block upon which Mattie lived, the wind came up stronger than ever, and

as they turned it was at their backs.

"I'm afraid I can't hold it much longer," said Jackie breathlessly, and Nellie put her hands on the handle to help him.

With a sudden whirl came the wind and the force was so great that they had to run; and when the other little guests caught sight of them, there was a shout of laughter.

Mattie's mother went to their assistance and politely invited Jackie to come in and rest; but he as politely refused, saying that mother would rather he would go straight home.

So homeward he trudged and now the wind was in his face, and after awhile, when mother went to the dining-room window to look for him, she laughed as hard as the children did, for there came Jackie, both hands clutching the handle of the big umbrella while above his head, reaching far out, was the rest of it turned completely inside out.

"Anyhow, mother," said Jackie, as he furtively wiped a tear from his cheek, "I took Nellie to the party, and 'hung on to the umbrella whatever happened.'"

And as mother kissed him she called him her "little man."

## The Thread Game.

*By Helen Standish Perkins.*

Some rainy day when you are shut up in the house try what is called the thread game.

The thread used is a piece of red worsted or cotton, twelve or fourteen inches long, the ends fastened together with as small a knot as possible. Then saturate it with water, place it on a damp slate, and with a pencil you can push the moist thread into all sorts of forms, and make pictures of leaves, fruits, flowers, stars, furniture, and so forth.

For instance, place the wet thread on the slate so that it forms a circle; then if you push the top of the circle in to-

ward the middle, you have a heart-shaped cooky. If you push the top down a little farther toward the middle, you will have a bean, and by pushing the lower half of the circle upward to the middle, papa's eye-glasses will appear. Then by pushing in the right and left sides similarly, you get a pretty four-petaled flower.

There is no end to the figures thus made, for the slightest push of the pencil changes the shape, and we have a soldier cap, a Christmas stocking, a knife, fork or spoon. As you grow more skilful and observe more closely the outline of objects about you, you may be able to make a thread picture of your dog, or the kitty as she sits on the rug.

### The Land of Story-Books.

At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing;  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river, by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelight camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of story-books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### He Didn't Get Them to "Give up With."

Among some skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tender-hearted if not wise, spectator.

"Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so; I'd just come off and watch the others."

The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks, but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet and answered, half indignantly:

"I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."

Life's hard tasks are never sent for us "to give up with;" they are always intended to awaken strength, skill and courage in learning how to master them.

### The Boy His Mother Thought He Was.

*By Katie Grover.*

"Late again, Peter, as usual," said his teacher, impatiently, as the boy, with a sullen "don't care" expression, and loud scuffling steps dragged his way to his seat fully an hour after school had begun. "You are never here on time. I shall have to send you up to the principal, I plainly see."

Peter grinned and noisily took out his books and piled them upon the desk with great deliberation, but did not open them. He was too busy plotting some new mischief with which to vex his teacher, and upset the school and put it into dire confusion for the day.

Miss Smith gave him one last scornful glance, then turned quickly away and tried to dismiss him from her mind. The boy was a constant source of annoyance and dread to her. She was almost in despair, and had put him down in her black book as naturally bad, and a hopeless case.

The whole school, quick to partake of their teacher's spirit, shared her dislike and irritability toward the boy, until there wasn't a child who had a kind word for him, or who would do anything for him. Peter was the meanest boy in school, they

declared loudly and openly, and there wasn't a day but what they twitted him with it.

Not that Peter cared. Not he. He seemed to glory in it, and did his best to earn the title. Night after night after being kept in for misbehavior, he slouched home whistling merrily, coming back next morning still more determined on mischief bent.

Today he was unusually mean. But Miss Smith, after her first reproof in the morning, completely ignored Peter, and pretended not to see him when he tied Susie Larkins' curls to Mamie Prim's brown braids, nor did she say anything when he tripped up the small boy of the school and caused his nose to bleed a stream. Then Peter tried his aim at throwing hard paper missiles promiscuously about the room, until a particularly hard one, by chance or otherwise, landed in Miss Smith's eye, giving her terrible pain for a few minutes; but still she said nothing.

But after school was out, Miss Smith, with grim determination, wended her way to Peter's home. She would appeal to his mother as a last resort before sending him in disgrace to the principal.

One of the school children went along to show the teacher where Peter lived; and on reaching the broken-down gate of the little old rickety house, she dismissed the child, and went in alone.

In answer to her loud knock, a low weak voice bade her enter, and she found herself in a clean, bright little room, which served as kitchen, sitting room, and bedroom. On a low bed near a window full of green blooming plants a little woman lay propped up high, her pale transparent face and the crutches by her side telling her sad story.

"And you are my little Peter's teacher?" she smiled, extending a thin wasted hand in welcome to the young girl. "I am so glad you've come to see me. Peter talks about you so

much, and tells me what a lovely school you have. It is a great comfort to me to have him doing so well this year. He reads to me every night, and tells me about his school, and how good everybody is to him, and how well he stands in all his classes. It fills me with such joy and gladness, and I never tire of hearing him. Every night I have him tell what has happened during the day. He is a dear, good boy, is he not?"

"O y—es," stammered Miss Smith entirely at a loss for words. She rubbed her hand across her perplexed brow, and tried to think what to say. And this was the boy his mother thought he was. In her eyes he was all that was good, and true, and noble. How could she tell her the truth—this poor weak invalid mother!

"There is one thing I would like to ask you about Peter," she began, feeling her way timidly. "Why is it he can not get to school earlier?"

"Oh the poor brave boy," said his mother tearfully, "hasn't he told you? I frequently have such nights of pain that Peter has to get up and heat lids and rub me; then in the mornings I am not able to wait on myself after such bad nights, and Peter will not leave me until he has fixed me all nice and comfortable. I thought he had told you—he seemed to think you did not mind. He goes as early as he can, poor boy, and sometimes he is so sleepy and tired after one of my bad nights."

"I am sure he must be," declared the little teacher, her eyes moist, while a great lump gathered in her throat. Rising to go, she said warmly, "I am so glad you told me. I will do all I can for Peter."

"God bless you. My boy's clothes are old and shabby and patched, I know, but I'm glad that he isn't thought any the less of by the children for that. Every night I ask God to bless both you and them for your kindness to my boy."

Miss Smith's face was in a brown study as she left Peter's home. So in-

tently was she thinking of a certain boy that she almost ran into him at the gate ere she was aware.

He was amazed to see her there. He stood for a moment transfixed, his face first turning scarlet with shame and dread, then becoming white as death, as with a tragic ring in his voice, he asked piteously: "Oh, did you tell her? It will kill her. Why didn't you tell me you were coming here? Oh, I'd have done anything for you rather than have her know. Poor mother!"

"No, dear, I haven't told her," and next thing his teacher's arms were about him, and she whispered brokenly:

"My poor dear boy, your mother still believes you to be all that is good and noble. I couldn't tell her. But Peter, won't you promise me one thing? Won't you try to be the boy your mother thinks you are? Try, my boy, and I will help you."

"I will," sobbed Peter, then he tore away from her and ran into the house.

Next morning, as Miss Smith entered the school-room, a number of children who had been scribbling upon the blackboard, ran laughingly to their seats and hid their faces. She glanced quickly toward the board and saw that they had drawn a hideous scarecrow, and underneath had written in large, bold letters, "Ragged Peter."

Miss Smith quietly asked one of the boys to erase the picture, then called the school to order.

"Children," she said, "there is a boy in our school who hasn't had half a chance. He may wear patched and shabby clothes, he may seem lazy and mischievous in school, but he has no father to get him clothes, his poor mother is an invalid, and often he has to be up with her night after night trying to ease her pain. He is her boy, and she loves him and believes in him. Now, children, let us help him to be that boy his mother thinks he is. Let us be sweet and kind to him when he comes this morning, and if we all

try, I'm pretty sure poor little Peter will do his part. Shall we try?"

How eagerly the little hands flew up, and when Peter arrived that morning, just a trifle earlier than usual, instead of being greeted with the usual frowns and shrugs, there were rows and rows of smiles, until by the time he reached his desk, Peter's own face was one broad grin of good humor and appreciation.

And when a few weeks later the school surprised Peter with a collection of nickles and dimes to spend for his sick mother's comfort, such tears of happiness rolled down his cheeks, the while he tried to thank them in his rough gruff way. But they understood.

Peter lingered near Miss Smith after the other children had gone. He wanted to ask her something, but could not raise courage to do so. Finally Miss Smith closed her desk, and rising, put her hand with a gentle pressure upon the boy's shoulder.

"Come, Peter, I am going to walk home with you," she smiled. "I want to tell your mother how well you are doing, and how much we all like you."

"Do you mean that, truly?" gasped Peter, his face radiant with joy. "Then it will all be true this time—not just pretending. Oh, I was so 'fraid mother would find out, and be disappointed. But now—oh, it's jolly to be the boy my mother thinks I am."

### The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay"—repeat it darling—

"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep—"to sleep," she murmured,

And the curly head went low:  
"I pray the Lord," I gently added—  
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faintly,  
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"  
Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered:  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."



REJOICING AT THE WINTER'S END.

# The Children's Budget Box.

## A Message from Liverpool.

I have read with pleasure the letters written by the boys and girls of America in the Juvenile Instructor, and thinking they would be interested in a letter from far-off England, I am sending these few lines. It is nearly five years since the first "Mormon" missionary came to our home bringing the Gospel message which I am happy to say my father and mother and the members of the family over eight years of age have accepted. We love the Gospel and know that Joseph Smith is God's Prophet. And we are always pleased to have the Elders and Saints visit us. I work in the bindery department of the Liverpool headquarters. We have a nice Sunday School here, but I am looking forward to the time when I will go to Zion and hear the great organ in the Tabernacle, which we hear so much about. We all love reading the Juvenile Instructor very much.

Nellie McWilliam.  
Liverpool, England.

Age 14.

## The Teasing Rain Drops.

Dropping down from clouds so gray,  
Is the way the rain-drops play;  
Chasing birds from out the sky,  
Making trees and flowers cry.

Do you think they're having fun,  
When they make the people run?  
For they wet us through and through,  
That's what teasing rain-drops do!

Alta Greathouse,  
Leamington, Utah.

Age 9.



Sweet Peas. By Albert L. Skidmore.  
Age 12. Vernon, Utah.

## Spring.

O Spring, thou glorious season,  
The time of times the best;  
When all the flowers are blooming  
And the trees in green are dressed.

When blades of grass spring from the  
ground,  
And the birds sing in the trees;  
While down by the little brooklet,  
The robin chirps in the breeze.

The patter of the rain drops  
As they beat upon the pane,  
Make us feel so happy,  
For Spring has come again.

We bid you a hearty welcome,  
And hope you long will stay,  
For when you're here, dear Spring,  
You make the world seem gay.

Age 16.

Laura Tree.

## A View from My Window.

The night was clear and bright, as I sat  
at my window watching the beautiful  
stars.

The great round moon showed its  
face over the mountain, casting its rays  
of light on the lake which showed the  
shadows of the trees and the beautiful  
snow-laden birches that swayed to and  
fro, frequently dipping their snowy  
boughs into the edge of the clear, cool  
water.

I could see the boat where many a time  
we had enjoyed a moonlight row on the  
water.

The diving pool looked almost as in-  
viting as in summer time, when, at the  
close of the day we could take a dive  
from the springing board and have a  
swim with the beautiful ducks, as they  
dipped their brown and green heads in  
the water and took an occasional dive,  
as if meaning not to be outdone by the  
children.

Not far in the distance the little brook  
could be seen as it babbled along, wind-  
ing its way through snow and ice, down  
to the meadow, covering it with a crystal  
white which seems to invite us to bring  
our skates and enjoy a moonlight frolic  
on the frozen ice it has provided for our  
pleasure.

In a near-by tree the call of a lonely  
hoot-owl was answered by its mate.

Ann A. Chamberlain,

Age 14.

Ranch, Utah.

## Memory Book.

Our memory is like a book.

The pages written on  
With things we've said and things we've  
thought,  
And deeds that we have done.

Now let this Book of Memory

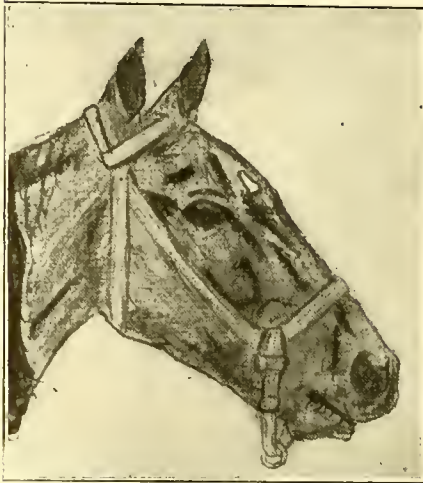
Be sacred to us all;  
Write nothing on a page of it,  
We'd care not to recall.

Then when the leaves are backward  
turned,

To read the story told,  
There'll be no word, or thought, or deed,  
But of the purest gold.

Earl Greathouse.

Age 12. Leamington, Utah.



By Glen Hardy (Age 14).

## Spring.

Merry Spring will soon be here,  
The merriest time of all the year;  
It brings the birds with merry song;  
They've been away so very long.

It brings the leaves upon the trees,  
That fly and tremble in the breeze;  
And after them the blossoms come.  
While the bees gather honey with a  
merry hum.

And the little flowers upon the hill,  
And the grasses green and the clover still  
All come in the merry, merry Spring.  
Now let us make our voices ring.

Merlin Cook,

Age 13. Willard, Utah.

## Spring.

When you see the rain drops falling  
From the dark and cloudy sky,  
When you hear the thunder rattle,  
Sounding like a near-by battle  
While you're driving home the cattle,  
How you wish your home was nigh.

By and by the clouds will scatter,  
And the sun comes out so bright,  
Hear the robins sweetly singing,  
Starting all the world so bright,  
With the glad news they are bringing,  
Springtime surely is in sight.

Look in yonder grassy meadow,  
Where the brook goes singing by,  
You can gather pretty flowers,  
That were brought by April showers;  
And above them gently tower,  
Pussy willows raising high.

Lester Dunn,

Logan,  
Utah.

Age 11 years.



Kodak by Margaretta Hair.

Age 10. Midway, Utah.

## Jennie's Birthday Present.

One bright summer day, as Jennie sat  
on the porch thinking of her coming  
birthday, her mother asked with a smile  
what made her so happy.

"Oh, mamma!" she replied, "Sunday  
is my birthday, and I would be so pleased  
to have Ruth to dinner." As she paused,  
with a smile, her mother smiled back  
again and said, "If it's a bright day, my  
dear, you shall go to the country with  
grandpa."

Next morning as she kissed her mam-  
ma good-by, she smiled and said, "Good-  
by, mamma. I'm eight years old."

Inside of an hour she was at the farm  
gate with grandpa.

As she took her wraps off she said, "Grandpa, let's drive to Sunday School." She listened to the story of how Christ was baptized and why.

As she rode home there was a nice breeze, that fanned her face.

While Jennie was eating her dinner, grandpa asked her what she would like most for her birthday.

"Oh, grandpa! the best of all," she replied, "is to be baptized."

That afternoon she was baptized and hands were laid upon her head.

When she reached home she told her mamma of her birthday present, and her mother gave her a birthday kiss. A moment later, Jennie was on her knees repeating her little evening prayer.

Flora Stone,

Age 12. Spanish Fork, Utah.

## COMPETITION NO. 12.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

### Rules.

Competition will close April 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must not be folded.

Address, The Children's Budget Box, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## The Puzzle Page.

### Squared Words.

|         |         |
|---------|---------|
| (1)     | (1)     |
| M I N T | W R E N |
| I D E A | R A R E |
| N E A R | E R N E |
| T A R E | N E E D |
| (3)     | (4)     |
| L A C E | M A D E |
| A D A M | A W A Y |
| C A L M | D A M E |
| E M M A | E Y E S |

Best eleven answers by the following:

Edna Cook, Hooper, Utah.  
 Ezra Day, Hunter, Utah.  
 Philo T. Farnsworth, Manti, Utah.  
 Bernella Gardner, Pine Valley, Utah.  
 Alice Harmon, St. George, Utah.  
 Alice Lark, Emmett, Idaho.  
 Lavon Lamb, Hyde Park, Utah.  
 Alvin Larsen, Colonia Diaz, Mexico.  
 Eugenia McClellan, Glenwood, Utah.  
 Lloyd White, Summit, Utah.  
 Lucy Woolley, 833 4th Ave., S. L. City.

### Prizes for Original Puzzles.

We are still anxious to procure original puzzles, and will give book premiums for the best. We have received a few, but the majority are so easy to solve that we are unable to use them. It surely is a good hard puzzle that the young hopefuls of this day cannot solve, so please give us something worthy of our readers. Copy may be sent in at any time.

### Charade.

By Nettie Rencher, Eager, Arizona.

My first is a woman's name,  
 The last letter gone, I will say;  
 My second is her lover's name,—  
 Now put them together, I pray.  
 Yes, bring a good parson  
 To make them both one,  
 And you have my whole,  
 With, maybe, some fun.

### Squared Words.

By Frances Curtis, Murray, Utah.

- 1
- 1—A boy's name
- 2—A valuable mineral
- 3—A girl's name
- 4—A state of the Union

- 2
- 1—A metal
- 2—A kind of molding
- 3—Not fat
- 4—To refuse to grant

- 3
- 1—A fruit
- 2—Freedom from toil
- 3—A division of the earth.
- 4—To harvest

For the ten best answers to either or all of these puzzles we will award book prizes.

All answers must be in by April 1st.

Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## In Jocular Mood.

### His Memory was All Right.

"Well, dear," announced her absent-minded husband when he came home, "this time I did not forget to bring home my umbrella. See?"

"Yes, dear, I do see," replied the gentle wife. "The only trouble is, Harry, you didn't take yours this morning."

### Proper Punctuation.

Teacher—"How would you punctuate the sentence: 'Alice a pretty girl is walking down the street?'"

Boy—"I'd make a dash after Alice."

### Had it All Right.

Professor—"What is a vacuum?"

Student—"I can't just tell, but I have it in my head, all right."

### Her Idea of It.

"Mother, which is the correct way to express yourself in speaking of a hen: To say is she setting or sitting?"

"My son, that does not interest me at all. What I want to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she is laying or lying."

Jones—"Yes, sir; that boy of mine is a wonderful piano player. Why, he can play with his toes!"

Brown—"How old is he?"

Jones—"Fifteen."

Brown—"I've got a boy at home who can play with his toes, and he is only one year old."

### What is a Lawyer.

"Father," asked the little son, "what is a lawyer?"

"A lawyer? Well, my son, a lawyer is a man who gets two men to strip for a fight and then runs off with their clothes."

### Misdirected Sympathy.

There were no vacant seats in the car, but as a comely looking woman entered an elderly man near the door attempted to rise, but she at once forced him back into his seat. "Thank you," she said, "but please don't do that. I am perfectly able to stand."

"But, madam, allow—"

"I insist upon your keeping your seat," interrupted the woman, with her hands on his shoulders. The man continued his

efforts to rise, saying: "Madam, will you kindly permit me to—"

With another push the woman again forced him back, insisting that she couldn't think of accepting his seat.

With one supreme effort the man forced her aside. "Madam," he exclaimed, "you have already carried me three blocks beyond my destination. I don't care a tinker's thingumbob whether you take my seat or not, but I wish to leave this car."

### Could You Blame Him?

It was evening in the Nearsvelle Apartments, and the janitor was considering turning on the hall lights. From No. 19, on the first floor, came the sound of a young girl practicing: "Ah—hah—ih—ah—thuh fluh-how-ers thot bluhm—hah—ih—ah!" Across the hall, in 27, young Johnson played "The Soldier's Dream" on his cornet. On the second floor a Polish pianist was tearing up the chromatic scale, and the Higginses had their phonograph blaring "The Washington Post March." On the third floor Ernest and Harold, the cute twins, played sweetly on mandolin and guitar, and from 96, on the fourth floor, came the chant of the Flint Street Baptist choir in tremendous rehearsal.

In the center of the building Mr. Tomlinson looked across at his wife.

"Maggie," he said in a strange, low voice, "te-um—te-um—te-oote-te-o—why is a band that beats?—tra-la—tra-la—hit up the white keys, pound on the black keys—fa, si, do—"

"Horace!" gasped Mrs. Tomlinson in alarm.

"P flat!" he screamed. "Sound the glad piccolo! Boom, boom!—in A major—hold the note by the tail!"

Then he chased his faithful wife into the dumb-waiter, bit off the gas-fixtures, and tried to crawl through the leak in the kitchen sink. They took him to the Central Hospital for the Musical Insane, and to this day he thinks he's a symphony orchestra.

### For the One he Loved.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel, "aren't you curious to know what is in this parcel?"

"Not very," replied the still belligerent wife.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those collars you said you needed."

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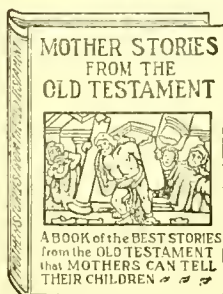
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